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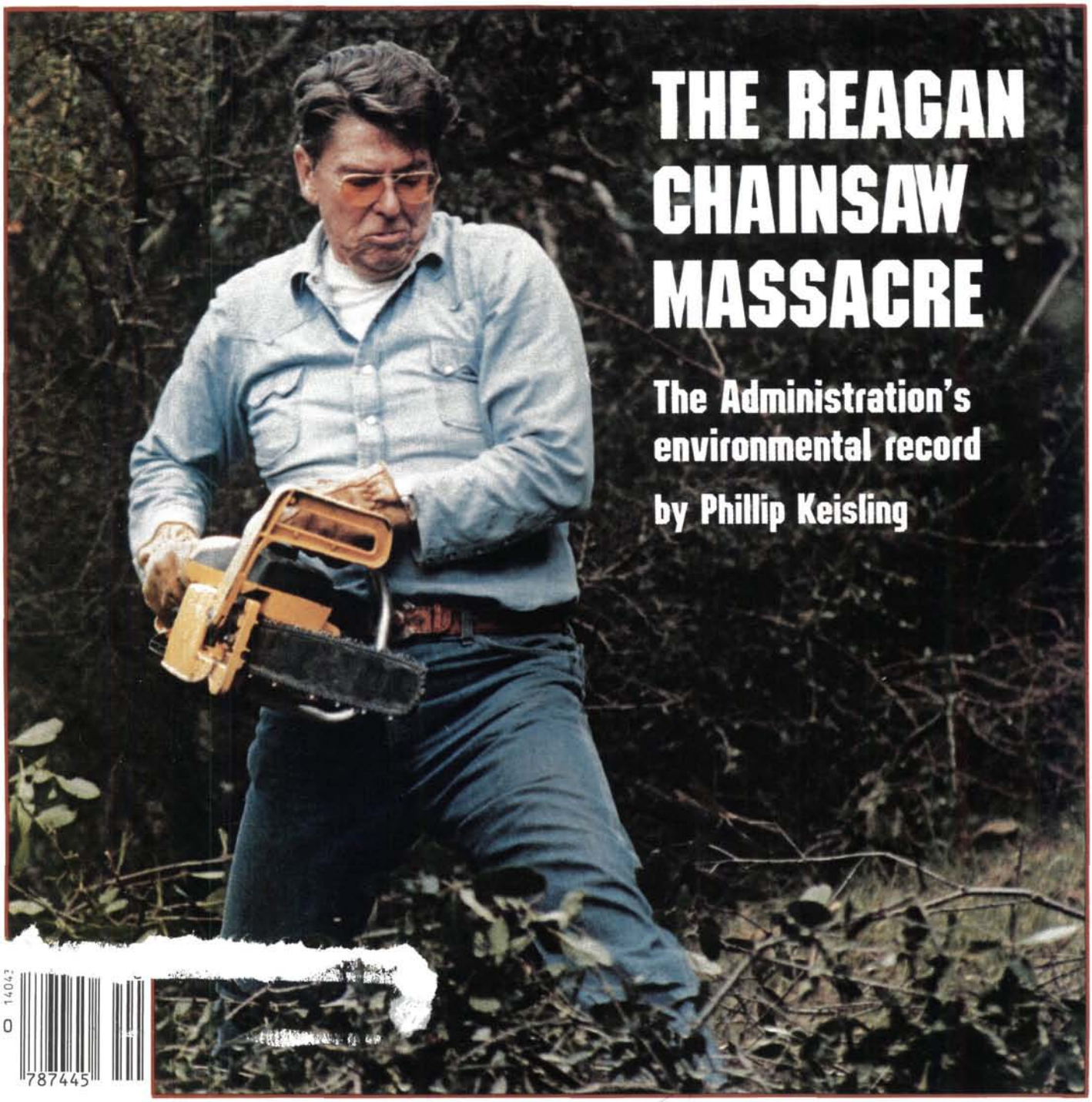

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CORRESPONDENCE

ZACCARO INNUENDO

To the editors:
Your editorial "The Reform Petard" (TNR, September 10) raises the question of John Zaccaro's alleged "relations" with "what is no longer called the Mafia." It then notes that Ms. Ferraro is an Italian-American and sanctimoniously hopes no connection with organized crime will be made. It is simply lazy and foolish reporting bordering on bigotry to assume that, because an Italian-American is financially successful, a link with organized crime must be considered a possibility. Your comments are unfair to Mr. Zacarro, to millions of Italian-Americans who have suffered these insults in the past, and to the best traditions of progressive journalism which you generally, though certainly not in this case, embrace.

FRED ROTONDARO
Executive Director
National Italian American Foundation
Washington, D.C.

DUARTE IN POWER

To the editors:
I was dismayed that Guy Gugliotta's article, "Duarte's Second Chance" (TNR, August 13 & 20), perpetrated the myth that El Salvador is suddenly a democracy and that Napoleón Duarte is in control of the government there.

Mr. Duarte is neither a moderate, as our goverment paints him, nor a Communist, as the Salvadoran military sees him: rather he is a conscienceless opportunist who enjoys sharing power. How else can you describe a man who, after all of his civilian colleagues had resigned in disgust, fronted as President for a military regime that was systematically murdering as many as 1,000 civilians a month in 1981-82?

Mr. Gugliotta fails to mention that Duarte's campaign received $2.1 million from the C.I.A., according to Congressional testimony; that the entire spectrum of the political left was not allowed to participate in that election; that the land reform program of which we have heard so much was blocked in Mr. Duarte's first month of office; that repression has not ceased. (From June 7 to 10 alone, the Auxiliary Bishop of San Salvador, Monsignor Gregorio Rosa Chavez, stated that a total of forty-eight civilians had been abducted by the military.)

The simple fact about El Salvador—which nevertheless seems to elude the experts—is that the armed forces are in control today, just as they have been for the last fifty years. They allow Mr. Duarte to be President—and to live—for one reason only: he enables them to continue receiving U.S. military aid. The United States can point to Duarte and proclaim, "Democracy," Mr. Duarte gets to play at being President, and the military can continue massacring the civilian population and still be assured of a huge, uninterrupted flow of U.S. military hardware.

MICHAEL HARBURG
Olympia, Washington

THE MEESE CASE

To the editor:
In "Meese Mess" (TNR, August 27), Michael Ledeen attacks me for lacking the one quality I've sought to achieve during more than twenty-five years of reporting—fairness.

In fact, Mr. Ledeen's criticism is unfair: although Mr. Ledeen leaves the impression that he unearthed the facts he cites in defense of Mr. Meese, most of them were included in the original *Los Angeles Times* story. He also misstates the allegations being investigated by Jacob A. Stein, the independent counsel, by noting that "the protagonist's major malfeasance seems to have been that he borrowed money."

When we reported that Clarence M. Pendleton Jr. won appointment as chairman of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission while serving on the board of the savings and loan institution that had allowed Mr. Meese to fall fifteen months behind on his mortgage payments, we did so because Mr. Pendleton was another in a series of officials who either had directly eased Mr. Meese's financial plight or had ties to institutions that did and who subsequently landed federal jobs. This is not an area of inquiry introduced by the *Los Angeles Times*. Rather, it was among the issues that Mr. Stein was directed by a panel of judges to investigate.

Mr. Ledeen also errs in stating that when Mr. Meese's loan from Great American Federal Savings Bank climbed to $423,000 in April 1982, Mr. Pendleton had been gone from the board of Great American for five months "and was hardly in a position to influence anything." Mr. Ledeen apparently overlooked the second paragraph of the story, which noted that Mr. Pendleton continues to serve on the board and the loan committee of Great American.

One other correction in Mr. Ledeen's work is necessary. Our stories on Mr. Meese and other matters involving independent counsels have used that term and not the former title of special prosecutor. So Mr. Ledeen is incorrect in stating that only *The Wall Street Journal* among the major media has used the correct label with any frequency. If Mr. Ledeen had checked the original *Los Angeles Times* story, he would have found that "special prosecutor" does not appear, but that "independent counsel" is to be found in the final paragraph.

RONALD J. OSTROW
Los Angeles Times
Cabin John, Maryland

Mr. Ledeen replies:
Mr. Ostrow is correct in stating that Clarence Pendleton is still on the board of Great American. I regret the mistake. When I wrote that Meese's "major malfeasance seems to have been that he borrowed money," I was expressing my own opinion—not citing facts. I certainly did not intend to leave the impression that I had unearthed new evidence; my article was solely about the coverage of the Meese affair. Finally, my statement about the term "special prosecutor" was based in part on a syndicated *Los Angeles Times* story that appeared in *The Washington Post* on April 4 which read: "A special prosecutor was named. . . ."

WRONG RAG

To the editors:
In the "Notebook" (TNR, August 27) you wrote that author Barbara Pym "practices her German by reading passages of the *Volkische Beobachter*, Julius Streicher's repulsive anti-Semitic sheet." Actually, Julius Streicher's repulsive anti-Semitic sheet was called *Der Stuermer*.

MILTON MINTZ
Colonia, New Jersey

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FROM WASHINGTON

SCHOOL SPIRIT SUCKS

When I lived abroad in the early 1970s, I discovered, to my surprise, that I was a patriot. Simple homesickness was part of it, along with the revelation that even a civilized country like Britain doesn't share American standards of liberty or plumbing. I also took umbrage at hearing foreigners say things about the United States that I had spent the previous few years saying myself.

Now the whole country is on a patriotic binge, egged on by the media and by President Reagan, who officially christened it "the New Patriotism" in a speech to the American Legion September 4. Reagan offered as evidence the new military television show, "Call to Glory," a Country-and-Western song called "God Bless the USA," his own invasion of Grenada, and, of course, "those young men and women on our Olympic team this summer."

The President failed to mention the repulsive hit film, *Red Dawn*—"America's Movie," say the ads—about a group of spunky teenagers who take to the hills to resist a Communist occupation of Colorado. Hollywood, nose to the zeitgeist, shows it can swerve right just as fatuously as it swerved left fifteen years ago.

Early in the film, there's a debate between the student council president, who wimpishly suggests taking a vote about whether the kids should turn themselves in, and the former football captain, a charismatic d'Aubuisson of the Rockies, who understands that democracy is mere self-indulgence. Give up if you wish, he says with contempt. But, "If you stay, you're gonna do exactly as I say." They all stay, of course, and proceed with youthful high spirits to blow up the Communists with bombs, shoot them point-blank in the face, and so on. They call themselves "the Wolverines," after the high school team. Oh yes, the wimp democrat also turns out to be a collaborator and is executed.

There are different kinds of patriotism. Which kind is "the New Patriotism"? One kind, the best, is worship of a nation's ideals. The United States is one of the very few nations of the world (Israel is another) founded on a concrete set of noble political ideals. A few others, such as France and England, have democratic traditions ancient enough to be a legitimate part of their citizens' sense of nationhood.

A second kind of patriotism, less austere but far from ignoble, is a love of native culture, folkways, landscape. This kind of patriotism at its best, as in Orwell's writings about England and the English, becomes a celebration of common people that incarnates a fine democratic vision.

Then there's raw, vainglorious nationalism. This can be a harmless matter of "school spirit" (Go Wolverines!), or it can get ugly. The tone of the New Patriotism is perfectly expressed, I think, in the empty bombast of John Williams's theme music for the Los Angeles Olympics. The rhythmic chants of "U-S-A! U-S-A!" and "We're Number One!"—innocent enough during the Olympics themselves—seem more ominous as they continue to echo at public occasions of other sorts, such as the Republican Convention.

For heaven's sake, what is so glorious about winning the most medals in an international athletic contest? Olympic prizes have nothing to do with the values of freedom, tolerance, and diversity that have made America great. Somewhat the reverse, as a matter of fact. If societies are to be measured by their performance at the Olympics, free nations will inevitably fall short of totalitarian regimes, which can organize the whole society in pursuit of such pointless triumphs.

The former top Rumanian girls' gymnastics coach, who defected a few years ago, commented recently in *International Gymnast* about the frustrations he faces in America. In Rumania, he explained, he had his pick of the girls, and could select those with the best body type. But here, "It's very difficult. . . . You can't [show up at a school and] say, 'Well, I came to do a selection, please present the children.' " What's more, "Over there [Rumania]. . . , we had the school program, we had the gym program, and we had the evening study program, and the rest and the relaxation. . . . There just seems to be too much free time over here. . . . It's very hard to control."

The Olympic hysteria is bound to help American coaches overcome these obstacles and dragoon ever-younger children into ever-more-single-minded pursuit of particular sports. For the greater glory of America, parents will send their 8-year-old daughters away to training camps—little islands of Rumania—and if they should stumble along the way, like Mary Decker, they will quite naturally take it badly, having betrayed their country and ruined their lives.

A fourth kind of patriotism, the worst kind, is exclusionary. There's all too much of this in the air as well. In *Red Dawn* we're told that the Communist invasion began with illegal aliens from Mexico blowing up a SAC base—an appeal to nativist sentiment made especially ugly by its complete illogic. But the dominant form of exclusionary patriotism is political, and the main purveyor is the Republican Party. Republicans have taken as a campaign theme that anyone who disagrees with them is un-American.

The clearest expression of this theme was Jeane Kirkpatrick's convention keynote address, with its ringing refrain about the Democrats: "They always blame America first." Logic suggests that the main focus of American political debate should be American behavior and options, not Soviet behavior, however heinous. In 1980 Ronald Reagan was blaming America first. But Kirkpatrick does not buy this. Her implied syllogism: if you disagree with Reagan Administration foreign policy, if you complain louder about El Salvador than about Afghanistan, you are "blaming America first," and are therefore unpatriotic.

Just as *Red Dawn* is "America's Movie," President Reagan announced in Dallas that the Republicans are "America's party." The Democrats, by implication, are somebody else's party. When Reagan says that his reelection will "make America great again and let the eagle soar," he is indulging in mere foolish vainglory. But when he says, "Our victory will be America's victory," he goes too far. And when he ties his own electoral hopes to American success in the Olympics, when he muddles military victory, athletic achievement, fiction and reality, words and music, into a heady nationalist brew, he is not behaving like a true American patriot.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 1, 1984

COLD PEACE

The travel plans of Todor Zhivkov do not ordinarily command world attention. But when the President of Bulgaria cancels a state visit to West Germany just a few days after East Germany's boss cancels his, attention must be paid. It appears that the Soviet Union is engaged in another of its periodic, unsubtle exercises in signal-sending. First, it is signaling Eastern Europe that Moscow has no intention of allowing the satellite states an opening to the West, something they devoutly desire for economic as well as political reasons, since they can expect from Moscow nothing more than higher oil prices, lower subsidies, and deepening stagnation. To the rest of Europe, the Soviets were demonstrating that Moscow's wish is still Eastern Europe's command. And even though the command may be more difficult to enforce than before, the Soviets can still control their allies to the point of humiliation, which is the only way to describe Erich Honecker's canceled travel plans on obvious orders from on high.

The major message, however, is to the United States. It is an amplification of the message sent by the Soviet walkout from arms control talks and its boycott of the Olympics. To make it simple, Tass spelled it out in a recent commentary: relations between the superpowers have fallen to "the lowest level in their history."

This assessment of U.S.-Soviet relations, even if true, may not be cause for automatic celebration in the West, but we find it hard to share the despondency—and worse, the fear—it seems to occasion among many. The talk is of a new cold war. NBC News, for example, is devoting a week to the subject. The frozen relations might indeed be ominous, if they were not so obviously contrived. The Soviets have decided to cut off almost all high-level communication with the West (almost all: Foreign Minister Gromyko, who comes to the United States for the annual West-bashing at the U.N. General Assembly, will meet President Reagan in late September) at least until November 6. The motive is a combination of revenge (the Olympics), petulance (losing the struggle over Euromissiles), and strategy (trying to frighten Western Europe to reverse itself on Euromissiles). But mostly it is a political tactic. Moscow does not want to make Ronald Reagan's reelection any easier. Unlike the original cold war, which was a strategic adaptation of each of the superpowers to the radically new realities of the postwar world, this cold war is a convenience. There are no radical new realities. NATO survived the Pershings deployment, but NATO is, however problematical for the Soviets, not new. Moscow has turned down the thermostat until it becomes clear who the next American (and perhaps Soviet) leader will be. It can, and will, restore the heat as soon as it finds advantage in doing so. Indeed, Gromyko's agreeing to meet with Mr. Reagan is a first precautionary turning of the knob: the Soviets read the polls and may already be hedging their bets in anticipation of a second Reagan term.

But this deliberate Soviet policy of driving U.S.-Soviet relations to "their lowest point in their history" points up an interesting paradox. Relations here means diplomatic relations: exchanges, talks, visits. And, yes, on that plane, things look glum. But in the real world—on the ground beneath the diplomatic atmospherics—there is another

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kind of relationship between the superpowers. This is the geopolitical relationship, and today it appears remarkably, even astonishingly, stable. Look around the world. There is not a single region where American and Soviet forces are engaged in such a way as to present the prospect of confrontation. And that is the real threat to world peace, something that our legitimate concern with arms control often blinds us to. World War III will come not when weapons fire themselves, but when one side, engaged in an important and losing struggle somewhere in the world, decides deliberately to fire them at the other. The present stability contrasts sharply with the tensions over Cuba in the early 1960s, in Indochina in the late '60s and early '70s, in the Mideast in 1973, and in the Persian Gulf in the late '70s.

MOREOVER, the United States is engaged militarily nowhere in the world. The closest it comes to direct intervention is in arming the Nicaraguan *contras*. The Soviets, for their part, are directly engaged in Afghanistan, but the rest of the world decided early that Afghanistan is in the Soviet sphere. That may be no consolation to Afghans suffering under Soviet bombardment, but it is a guarantee that that war poses no threat to world peace.

Consider two other useful indices of world stability. One is the shocking inactivity of the Security Council, which finds the Middle East so becalmed that the only mischief the council can think up for the region is the occasional futile resolution urging Israel to open roads in Southern Lebanon. Another index is the absence of the word "crisis" in foreign news reports. It is used almost exclusively to describe the internal problems of places like the Philippines, Chile, Sri Lanka, India, and so on down the roster. In consonance with the first law of thermodynamics, the violent energies of the world, prevented from crossing inter-bloc lines, are being directed inward. Much of the Third World is struggling with nation-building, or, more precisely, nation-preserving. The more developed countries of the Third World are preoccupied with their economies: in Latin America with digging themselves out from under a mountain of debt, in the Pacific rim with trying finally to enter the ranks of the developed world. And even where there are regional conflicts, it's becoming harder and harder to see them as a new world-threatening Balkans. Only a few years ago we were convinced that the Persian Gulf was the cockpit of the world. Now it's a free-fire zone, and . . . nothing. In the Iran-Iraq war, experts are still awaiting the imminent, massive, final—spring—offensive that would roll Islamic fanaticism to the gates of Amman and beyond. And even in Southern Africa, some of the world's most militantly Marxist countries, in order to cut off local insurgencies, have sued for peace.

Much of this relative calm is undoubtedly due to unique regional factors. But it is reinforced by the stability of East-West relations (again: geopolitical, not diplomatic), and, more precisely, by a recent and remarkable quiescence on the part of the Soviets. Having reached the outer limits of their international expansion, which took place during the relative weakening of the West in the 1970s, they are increasingly preoccupied with hanging on to their gains. It is not that they have lost their appetite for conquest, but that they have much to digest.

The Russians are in a period of profound consolidation and on several levels. In the Third World, the Soviet empire is preoccupied with simply maintaining its newest and farthest outposts. This is not proving an easy task. The empire is challenged by a historically new phenomenon: anti-Communist guerrilla war. And not one, but at least four: in Cambodia, Afghanistan, Angola, and Nicaragua. (Not counting Mozambique, and that farthest platform, Grenada, which was simply closed down by the United States.) In each case, the Soviet side is engaged in a difficult and costly stalemate, and in Angola the insurgents may actually be approaching victory, having seized control of perhaps two-thirds of the country and begun launching attacks in the suburbs of Luanda itself.

In the inner sphere of European satellites, the Soviets have their hands full just keeping things under control. It's not only the restive Poles and their highly developed national consciousness. Or the Rumanians, who like to announce their independence by showing up at Olympic Games and in the Chancellery in Bonn (Mr. Ceauşescu will make the trip, in October, despite the backtracking of his colleagues). When a servile East Germany must be prevented from developing its own *Westpolitik*, and an abject Bulgaria, hitherto an agency for carrying out K.G.B. contracts, has to be prevented from making an opening to Bonn, Moscow is reminded that its rule of Eastern Europe, though in the end ensured by the Red Army, is becoming increasingly difficult to manage.

The groans can be heard from Stettin on the Baltic almost to Trieste on the Adriatic. And ironically, the severest strains on their inner empire come from the Soviets' deliberate "new cold war" policy. It was originally intended to punish Western Europe for accepting the Pershings, and perhaps to make it think twice about retaining them. But that day has passed, and so has European restiveness—to the Soviet side of the line. After all, the Pershings are pointed at the countries of Eastern Europe. And it is they who stand to lose most politically and economically if their contacts with the West are cut off under orders from Moscow. Indeed, it is their unrest that ensures that the new cold war, which otherwise yields the Soviets no results, will not be long-lived.

THAT IT HAS persisted this long is in part due to the inertia that accompanies changes in power at the very top. The final, perhaps most important, level of consolidation in the Soviet bloc is taking place now at headquarters. The Kremlin has fallen into the habit of choosing leaders who are half-dead. It's not even quite certain who is running the Soviet Union now. Uncertainty at the top means that bureaucrats move cautiously. The lack of strong leadership is undoubtedly another reason for the profound conservatism of current Soviet foreign policy.

So much for the new cold war. It may not even be good salesmanship for the Soviets to keep insisting how bad

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relations are between the superpowers. The more Americans notice the curious juxtaposition of bad "relations" with relative tranquillity in the international arena, the more they will question the importance routinely attributed to relations. After all, what are relations? Today there are not as many scientific exchanges, diplomatic extravaganzas, Apollo-Soyuz lovefests, professions of common principles, and genuflections to peace as there were in the mid-'70s. So what? In the middle of all that hoopla, the United States went to nuclear alert to prevent Soviet intervention in the Yom Kippur War.

To paraphrase, the United States has no permanent relations, only permanent interests. Both the United States and the Soviet Union have an interest in mutual commerce, and trade is proceeding whenever one country decides that there is something it wants to buy from the other. (A lot of grain, it turns out.) Arms control talks are suspended, but at Soviet instigation, and as soon as the elections are over, their last remaining incentive to stay out of talks will have disappeared.

The disjunction between diplomatic and geopolitical realities puts in question our current emphasis on the state of diplomatic relations. The purpose of diplomacy is to promote geopolitical stability and peace. But it often becomes an end in itself. The obsession with atmospherics, with engaging in talks for their own sake, regardless of what one may hope to gain from them of any substance, mistakes means for ends. And it may actually damage the pursuit of those ends, since improved atmospherics often requires first the sacrifice of some real asset on the ground.

If the new cold war is the price we pay for Soviets reaching the outer limits of their expansion and hunkering down for a little digestion and reflection, then so be it. If it is an expression of resentment over American reassertion of its prerogatives in its own sphere, in the Caribbean and in Europe, and of its willingness to support resistance to Soviet expansion in contested areas of the Third World, then so be it. And if it means a Soviet reappraisal of détente—détente as they understood it: stable U.S.-Soviet relations with a license for Soviet adventurism—then so be that, too.

In any case, there are always envoys ready to carry the burden of "relations" with the Soviets. Billy Graham has just returned to the Soviet Union for another adventure in brotherhood and understanding.

King Qaddafi, Colonel Hassan

The land mass that separates Morocco from Libya is just about as vast as that which separates Spain from Hungary. Between the frontiers of the two North African states lie two other Arab countries, Tunisia and Algeria. Yet it is not just territory that sets Morocco apart from Libya, but ideology—or so it was thought until a few days ago. Indeed, the ideological divide seemed to be even wider than the desolate spaces. Hence the surprise among knowledgeable students of the region when Morocco and Libya suddenly agreed on a Treaty of Arab-African Union—a treaty "uniting" the two countries. Not even any of King Hassan's fellow Moroccans had any inkling of this document which, having appeared to the King in a kind of vision, was quickly negotiated with the Libyans, and is now law.

TO BE SURE, such marriages, sometimes negotiated at the point of a shotgun, and sometimes across no less formidable geographical and political distances, are far from uncommon in the Islamic world. Syria and Egypt were once the United Arab Republic, now a dim memory; and Libya alone has six times in recent years tried to drag various partners to the altar. Nor do these examples exhaust the list of mismatches and broken engagements in Araby.

Given this record of aborted liaisons in the Arab world—comic opera stuff, really, if people didn't kill and die for them—in the end there may not be much to ponder in the portentous pronouncements from Rabat and Tripoli. If so, there won't be much to lament either.

Still, there is hardly a political act wholly without political consequences, this supremely political act not excepted. Certainly the neighboring states—whose environment, in any case, is generally neither pacific nor stable—are not sanguine. Any development that encourages Colonel Qaddafi will trouble the sleep of his neighbors. His designs on Chad and the Sudan (and against Egypt) are famous. Tunisia, too small to resist designs from the east, is yet not too small to be coveted. Nothing is too small to be coveted by Tripoli's mercurial lout, heavily armed with advanced weapons, the Koran and *sharis*, and a particularly vulgar and violent version of Marxism.

So it is not only the animist Christians south of the Maghreb who fear Qaddafi's millenarian militancy, though they now have additional reason for disquiet in the enlistment of a previously mild monarch on the side of a wild zealot. The putative unity of the Arabs and of the Muslims, being only putative, which is to say in reality being purely imaginary, offers no real protection for even the other Islamic regimes of Africa's northern tier. They will each, even Algeria, be judged wanting in fervor for Qaddafi's favored Mohammedan causes and will henceforth not be able to find comfort in Morocco's relative and balancing moderation. There are few who satisfy Qaddafi's own ascetic and fundamentalist standards. But there are many—for example, mobs in the Algerian streets—who can be rallied to insist on his standards for their country. Qaddafi's tactics of persuasion are contrived to terrorize, and terrorize they do. Qaddafi kills. He even kills in America.

What does the wise King Hassan get out of this? That is the question all his good friends are asking. How he had been succored and supported by them! Why, he was virtu-

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ally one of us. Had he not calculated that his survival and the survival of his house were dependent on the power of the United States, to which power his new ally has, since his name first hit the papers in 1969, been an enemy, sworn and true? But after the disorderly American rout in Beirut (the palsied entry, the unseemly retreat) any Arab who linked his destiny with the United States would have to be mad, and King Hassan—unlike Colonel Qaddafi—was not mad. It does no good to remind the world or the Arabs of our colossal residual strength. In North Africa and the Middle East, appearance is all, and we appear weak: in fact, by the standards of peoples who respect boldness, we appear not only vacillating but self-abasing. Alas, Hassan's maneuver will not be the region's last post-Lebanon disentanglement from Washington, not the last act of "moderate" accommodation to the region's radicals.

QADDAFI DID HAVE something concrete to offer the Moroccans: the withdrawal of his support for the Polisario rebels in the Western Sahara. This surely vexes the Algerians, also long-time, if not exactly steady, benefactors of Polisario. Not that they actually cared a fig for Polisario; what they cared about was tormenting the King. His troops and theirs have fought pitched battles; they will again. In any sensible accounting, a diminution of Polisario's ability to disrupt Moroccan life must be counted as a good. Polisario is, according to the vernacular conventions of our time, a national liberation movement. It represents no nation, however, and what it means by liberation is not freedom by any common-sense reckoning. It is, of course, also not a movement—certainly not a popular movement—but a rag-tag band of murderers skilled at appropriating those simplified Western concepts which offer political legitimacy to gangsterism. Given the fright that runs through the West whenever it is called upon seriously to back a friendly government against a hostile guerrilla group, Hassan figured he'd better make his deal with Qaddafi. If the Moroccans have now won a respite in the Western Sahara, the Spaniards, who retain two small enclaves nearby, must anticipate greater troubles. With Qaddafi close at hand, and trading so to speak for his own account, there will be a sudden flow of arms, followed quickly by the revolutionary rhetoric that usually accompanies terrorism. These developments will persuade the timid souls who run the West's foreign ministries and chanceries that something important is happening; and they will in turn persuade Spain to retreat from Africa, as if what was going on there were a reenactment of 1776 or 1789. The local populace, now liberated from colonialism, will be left to be dealt with by Qaddafi and the like in the usual manner.

The very idea of a joint presidency and a rotating political secretariat, as well as other coordinating bodies with Morocco, including those dealing with defense, retrieves for Libya some semblance of international respectability. For the first time since the beginning of his brutal reign, Qaddafi had in recent months been confronted with significant pockets of resistance to his tyranny at home. So, on two scores at least, his alliance with a descendant of the Prophet has great value. But how, then, does one judge the descendant of the Prophet who puts himself, both formally and substantially, in league with the world's prime instigator and paymaster of international terrorism? Indeed, if the moderate King, our designee as the pillar of stability among the Arabs, cannot be trusted to resist Qaddafi's blandishments, who else among the Arabs can be trusted?

Hassan's co-optation by Qaddafi will justifiably also cause tremors in Israel: the King was the one Arab leader with whom the Israelis regularly parlayed in the ongoing search for a basis for compromise with their adversaries. He was the one Arab leader who did not seem to feel obliged routinely to call for Israel's destruction or to contribute blood to the cause. But in celebrating the new union with Morocco, Qaddafi, in what observers noted was his most bloodcurdling remarks on Israel in years, has called for precisely that. Hassan's role as mediator must now be seen as ended. Think also of the remnant Jews of Morocco, the one Jewish community in Islam hitherto protected from the more cruel modalities of minority existence among Arabs by the benign cupidity of the King. Now they find themselves subjected to a sovereignty in which Qaddafi is partner.

What can one learn from the startling apostasy of the premier moderate in the Arab world? One lesson should have been learned long ago: the Arab leadership, just about all of it, is volatile. Volatile friends are not reliable friends. He who makes peace with you one day may make war on you the next. It happens even among the Arabs themselves. We should be a bit wary, then, of counseling (or, worse yet, coercing) compromises—by Christians, by Jews, by other Arabs—brokered or guaranteed by such leaders.

BUT THERE IS a deeper and more elusive lesson to be learned from this reconciliation between what would have appeared to be intrinsic irreconcilables. The entities being joined are not, despite all of the trappings of states, nation states at all. The King gave the secret away himself. The notion of union with Libya came to him, he said, in an epiphany. "I was personally surprised while talking because I did not think of this some years earlier." But he knew his countrymen were in "perfect harmony" with his idea. Even in Morocco it would take very brave people indeed to prove him wrong on this count. What has happened here is a coalescence of two oriental potentates, absolutists of the old style. The distinctive nationalisms for which Qaddafi and Hassan used to speak have now been more or less suspended. A new identity is being foisted on their people—and with no great difficulty, because the old national identity was not more than skin deep. Not that there weren't a few genuine nationalists around, and even a few democratic nationalists—though *they* were usually in jail. Deep ethnic and tribal cleavages

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permanently split both countries, and all of the neighboring states as well. The Berbers, of course, are not even Arabs, though they were dragooned into intra-Arab conflicts—all in the name of that great fiction, the unity of the Arab people, singular.

So for most of the populace in Libya and in Morocco the idea of the nation, despite years of overheated exhortation by religious and secular meuzzin, is remote, a distant abstraction—and if experienced concretely at all experienced as a nuisance at best. In *Meaning and Order in Moroccan Society*, Clifford Geertz points out that it is the *bled*, the quite narrowly defined region or locale, "from which a particular individual or group draws its nurture; its sustenance, its most distinctive traits and ties . . . those characteristics of manner, knowledge, relationships, and modes of interaction that . . . connect a 'who' with a 'where' " This applies to Libya no less than to Morocco. To people so identifying themselves, what is decided in Rabat or Tripoli, between Rabat and Tripoli, in Jerusalem or Washington or at the United Nations, means close to nothing.

Still, an urban mob can be roused almost anywhere to provide even the most isolated elite, as J. B. Kelly puts it in *Arabia, the Gulf, and the West*, with "a vocal and approving audience, to intimidate political rivals, to lend color to a regime's claims of popular support." Such mobs will easily be roused in support of the new Libyan-Moroccan whatever it is. But these mobs will reflect only the skills of the armed elites, with a monopoly of power, in manipulating the identities and enthusiasms of their hapless subjects. This is all a serious business, but it is not the serious business or politics of self-determination.

RAMPANT DISCLOSURE

THE NEW REPUBLIC has waged a long and, until recently, somewhat lonely campaign against the complex financial disclosure requirements and regulations that have smothered American public life since Watergate. Geraldine Ferraro's troubles seem to have awakened some of our fellow liberals to the effect of these rules in distracting attention from the serious issues of politics and, no doubt, discouraging good people from running for office. (See "The Reform Petard," TNR, September 10.) Perhaps last week's criminal indictment against *Wall Street Journal* reporter R. Foster Winans will give our fellow journalists similar pause.

Winans was the author of the *Journal*'s "Heard on the Street" column, who allegedly traded in stocks he was about to recommend and also sold information about future columns to two stockbrokers. No one denies that this is unethical behavior. What has alarmed some journalists is the Securities and Exchange Commission's theory in bringing charges against him: that journalists have a legal duty to disclose to readers their financial interests in matters they write about. An S.E.C. lawyer says the commission's interpretation of this duty is a narrow one: "We don't expect every journalist to disclose all financial relationships," only those that involve the possibility of a quick profit on inside information. But First Amendment alarmists see the thin end of the wedge.

Without passing judgment on the S.E.C.'s novel legal theory, we contemplate with some amusement the horror and outrage of journalists at the thought of having to make public their personal finances. The idea underlying the S.E.C.'s theory is the same as that underlying the post-Watergate disclosure laws for politicians: that knowing the details of a person's finances will allow the public to properly assess his or her words and actions. If journalists think this invasion of their privacy seems like too high a price to pay, that it's an unfair and unwholesome burden on their exercise of a valuable democratic right . . . well, we think they're on the right track. They should keep thinking.

NOTEBOOK

□ THREE WEEKS AGO, in an editorial about the tangled finances of Geraldine Ferraro and John Zaccaro, we wrote that there had been "no suggestion" of anything like Ms. Ferraro's "using public office for private gain." ("The Reform Petard," September 10.) This is still true, but now there has been a suggestion that Mr. Zaccaro used his wife's political prominence, if not her actual office, in just such a way. In Queens, as in many other counties, courts appoint "conservators" to manage the financial affairs of people who are too old or infirm to look out for themselves. Conservators, who are usually drawn from the ranks of local lawyers, get a fee for their work; the bigger the estate, the bigger the fee. In the last two years, Mr. Zaccaro was appointed to four plum conservatorships (one paid him over $20,000 last year). But on August 30 Justice Edwin Kassoff of the Queens Supreme Court, who had originally appointed Mr. Zaccaro to the conservatorships, relieved him of one of them after it came out that he had lent himself $175,000 from the estate he was supposed to be protecting. There is a flat legal prohibition against this; Mr. Zaccaro says he wasn't aware of it. Question: how did Mr. Zaccaro—who is not a lawyer and who was clearly unfamiliar with the basic rules of the job—get appointed in the first place? As Margaret Shapiro reports in the August 29 *Washington Post*, Judge Francis X. Smith, the administrative judge of the Queens County Supreme Court (and Judge Kassoff's immediate superior), is a longtime friend and political ally of Ms. Ferraro. In other words, the jobs—and the fees that went with them—flowed through Judge Smith's court to his friend's husband. Not that there's anything unusual about this; local judges, like politicians, quietly practice patronage when it

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seems expedient to do so. It's been an open secret for years among New York lawyers that judges routinely save the best-paying conservatorships and other court-appointed jobs for their friends, relatives, and campaign contributors. According to a story by Sam Roberts and Marcia Chambers in the September 11 *New York Times*, New York judges awarded $6.8 million in fees to officials they appointed over the last nineteen months; the bulk of the money went to former colleagues on the bench, law partners, and political cronies. It's the sort of thing one would expect from any ordinary Queens politician and her family under the circumstances. But not from an extraordinary one.

□ BUSHISM OF THE WEEK: from the September 11 *Wall Street Journal*: " 'I believe in unions and I believe in non-unions,' the Vice President said yesterday in a tour of a non-union furniture plant in Archdale, N.C." The man has convictions, but he's not a nut about it.

□ THE HOUSE HAS ALREADY PASSED, and the Senate is fixing to pass, a bill extending the antitrust immunity already enjoyed by the federal and state governments to local governments as well. Moreover, the bill in its present form would have the effect of making the immunity retroactive—apply it to pending cases, in other words—thereby giving proved local government miscreants an easy way off the hook. The best example is the case of *Unity Ventures* v. *Grayslake*. In 1972 a developer named William Alter obtained the rights to develop six hundred acres of Lake County, Illinois. He planned a residential, commercial, and light industrial project that would have benefited lower-income people in the area. But he needed access to sewage facilities—and this he was systematically denied by local officials who, to put it bluntly, wanted to keep poor people and black people out. In January, after years of costly litigation, a jury found that officials of the governments of the wealthy village of Grayslake and of Lake County had indeed been guilty of egregious violations of both antitrust and civil rights laws. In accordance with the antitrust laws, the jury's award to Mr. Alter of $9.8 million was trebled. While the successful jury verdict is still moving through the courts (where it should remain), the defendants have decided to take their case elsewhere—to Congress. Arguing that this award will bankrupt their county (not true—it's one of the richest counties in the country), the defendants have appealed to Congress to overrule the jury's decision. If Congress does not eliminate (or at least limit) retroactivity from the antitrust bill, it will simply be inviting others whom the lower courts have found guilty of violating the law to skip the judicial process and have Congress bail them out.

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "It has long been evident that there is a growing dissatisfaction with the quality of the material offered to American radio listeners. Not only is a large proportion of all time on the air devoted to blatant advertising, but even the so-called entertainment aspects of the programs are frequently such that no civilized person can listen to them without acute nausea. This is often the result of a deliberate policy on the part of the advertiser, who finds that people of low intelligence respond most readily to his commercial appeal, and therefore baits his trap with material intentionally designed to reach only those who are not quite bright." ("For Better Broadcasting," The Editors, October 3, 1934.)

The candidates battle for the Jews.

SCARING UP VOTES

IT WOULD BE hard to think of two potential 1984 Presidential candidates with more consistent records of support for Israel or friendship for Jews than Ronald Reagan and Walter Mondale. Yet Jewish voters are being told that a Mondale Administration might well be infected with anti-Semitism, and that Reagan in a second term might promote the isolation—if not the persecution—of Jews in American society. A nasty campaign is under way for the Jewish vote this year, partly because Jews are pulling loose from their traditional Democratic moorings and are becoming a key swing constituency in eight of the country's largest states. For the first time in sixty years, it's not clear which party will receive a majority of the Jewish vote.

In 1980, in fact, neither party won a majority, but that was a three-way race. A CBS exit poll indicated that Jimmy Carter won a small plurality of 45 percent to 39 percent for Reagan and 15 for John Anderson. Two different ABC polls put Carter just above 40 percent, Reagan just under 40, and Anderson at about 20. A recent poll by the American Jewish Committee indicates that Carter got 43.9 percent; Reagan, 38.7, and Anderson, 14.7. Whichever figure is accurate, historically speaking it was a disastrous showing for the Democratic candidate. Carter himself had polled 75 percent of the Jewish vote in 1976, and since 1928 Democrats had fallen under 70 percent only three times—in 1952 and 1956, when Adlai Stevenson received 64 percent and 60 percent, respectively, against Dwight Eisenhower, and in 1972, when George McGovern polled 65 percent against Richard Nixon. John F. Kennedy polled 82 percent of the Jewish vote in 1960 and Hubert Humphrey got 81 percent in 1968.

This year Mondale almost certainly will attract less support than his first mentor, Humphrey, but more than his second, Carter. The crucial question is, by how much? There are only about 4.5 million Jewish voters in the United States—5 to 6 percent of the usual Presidential turnout—but they are concentrated in the biggest electoral vote states. Ten percent of the Jewish vote in New York State represents about 160,000 votes, which happens to be just about the margin by which Reagan beat Carter there

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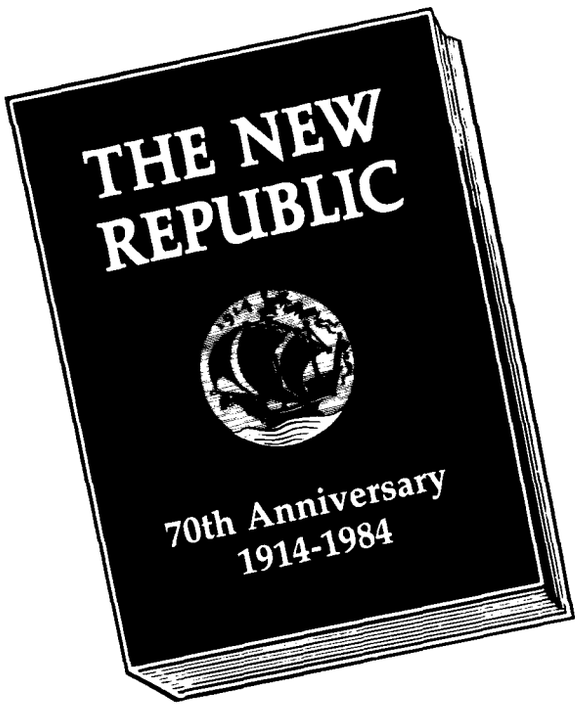
"Don't give up the ship."



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in 1980. In Massachusetts, 10 percent represents just 2,200 votes, but that's also close to Reagan's victory margin. If Mondale can't carry New York or Massachusetts, he hasn't much chance of avoiding a Carteresque wipeout.

Jewish political observers agree practically unanimously that Reagan's elevation of the religious issue in Dallas damaged his chance to build support toward a majority. What isn't clear is whether the damage was temporary or permanent. Mondale's chief staff strategist on Jewish issues, David Ifshin, says confidently that Mondale will poll 65 percent in November. The White House's chief liaison man to the Jewish community, Marshall Breger, says that the Reagan campaign's goal is to hold Mondale to 60 percent and garner 40 percent for the President, which would equal Eisenhower's modern record. "But we'd like to reach 50 percent," he said, "to establish that this is now a two-party situation." Some Democrats say it could happen.

Pre-election polling of Jews is notoriously unreliable because samples are so small, but for what it is worth, the one poll to surface thus far—a Reagan survey conducted just before the Dallas convention—showed Mondale at 50 percent, Reagan at 37, and 13 percent undecided. The hunch of most observers is that Dallas dropped Reagan back to the low 30s and pushed Mondale close to 60, but the battle is just commencing.

THE BATTLE for Jewish support is being fought on four issues: the two traditional ones of support for Israel and domestic social-economic policy, and the two new and raucous ones of anti-Semitism and separation of church and state.

The Reagan campaign wants it thought that Mondale, despite his strong record of support for Israel as a Senator and his close personal and political association with the American Jewish community, will cave in through weakness of character to Jesse Jackson and confirmed *Arabisants* from the Carter State Department. The Reagan campaign has budgeted a record $2 million to spread this word and the positive message that Reagan has been building "a strong America" that can help "a strong Israel." Instead of treating Jews as one of many ethnic "heritage groups," the Republican Party and the Reagan-Bush campaign have organized a permanent National Jewish Coalition, headed by Richard Fox, Reagan's 1980 Pennsylvania campaign chairman. The group has paid staff in eight states with its own headquarters, direct-mail operations, and phone banks that are supposed to contact 600,000 households before the election.

Meanwhile, despite warm praise of Reagan by Israel's former Prime Minister, Yitzhak Shamir, and Defense Minister, Moshe Arens, that could easily be mistaken for a Likud endorsement of the President, the Mondale campaign will try to convince Jews that Middle East policy in a second Reagan term will fall into the pro-Arab hands of Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger. Despite a total absence of anti-Jewish behavior in Reagan's past, Mondale will also charge that the "real Reagan" will go all-out in his second term to reintroduce prayer in schools, to ban abortions, and to otherwise assist fundamentalist sects in the "Christianizing of America."

Mondale launched his attack on September 6 by charging before a B'nai B'rith audience in Washington that right-wing allies of the President "are reaching for government power to impose their own beliefs on other people." Mondale is scheduled to attack Reagan's Middle East policies in a radio broadcast on September 16, the sixth anniversary of the Camp David summit agreement, and before his newly organized National Leadership Group on September 17. The Democrats will spend about a quarter of the Republicans' total in wooing the Jewish community.

Just how negative this campaign may get before it's over was suggested when a Reagan-Bush campaign aide leaked word to the *New York Post* and several other publications that David Ifshin, as the 21-year-old President of the National Student Association, visited Hanoi in 1970 and urged American troops in Vietnam to quit fighting. The leak produced an exposé in the *Post* that now has White House aides worried about a potential backlash against Reaganite "dirty tricks." Ironically, Ifshin has metamorphosed into one of the least dovish of Mondale's advisers, especially on the Middle East and defense preparedness.

Another target of Reagan attack is Mondale's close foreign policy adviser, David Aaron, who served as deputy to Jimmy Carter's national security adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski. The Mondale campaign was sufficiently concerned about Aaron's vulnerability to send him off to Israel in the company of Ifshin and Morris Amitay, former executive director of the American Israel Public Affairs Commission, to assure officials there that he did not share Brzezinski's views on the Middle East, which are widely regarded in the Jewish community as anti-Israel. According to one prominent American Jewish leader, a Democrat, "anyone who served in the Carter White House will give the Jewish community great concern" because of the former Administration's perceived tilt toward the Palestinians. This extends even to Mondale himself, of whom this Jewish leader said, "Mondale was a team player. He may have argued privately for greater balance, as he claims, but he was their messenger to us, not our messenger to them."

That expresses Mondale's fundamental problem with Jews, as with millions of other Americans: he is not perceived as being strong enough to make his own good principles prevail when they are opposed by other forces. That is the nub of the anti-Semitism issue that the Reaganites are using against Mondale to such effect. "Jesse Jackson is not the issue," said Ben Waldman, executive director of the National Jewish Coalition for Reagan-Bush. "Jackson has always been anti-Semitic. What startled everybody was that Walter Mondale watched him express his anti-Semitism, and said nothing."

PRIVATELY, Jewish leaders say, Mondale has frequently given assurances that Jackson would have no influence in his campaign or Administration. He did so at one especially important three-hour meeting at his home in North Oaks, Minnesota, on August 12 that was attend-

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ed by Lawrence Weinberg and Thomas Dine, the president and executive director of AIPAC; Kenneth Bialkin, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major Jewish Organizations in America; and Theodore Mann, president of the American Jewish Congress. "Less than a month later," said one of the participants, "what do I see in the paper but that Mondale is meeting privately with Jackson and then assigning him a major role in his voter registration strategy."

Mondale aides say that their man silenced the Jewish leaders with the argument that if he were to denounce Jackson, the effect would be to drive more blacks into the arms of extremists and anti-Semites. Yet Mondale has seemingly compromised his principles so much that nothing short of an outright break with with Jackson will satisfy the Jewish community.

ONE WIDELY discussed incident occurred at the Democratic National Convention when top Mondale aides promised that a resolution condemning "hatred, bigotry, racism, and anti-Semitism" would be adopted by formal vote of the Democratic National Committee after the convention, rather than being voted on the convention floor, where Jackson supporters might have fought it. The resolution was not voted on by the committee, however. Mondale aides claim that an error in communications occurred, but it's widely believed in the Jewish community that Mondale again was afraid to confront Jackson.

As a Reagan strategy memo puts it, "Republicans should remind voters that support for Mondale and Ferraro entails some kind of accommodation of the concerns of Jesse Jackson, and they should press the Democrats to say what it would be. It is a scandal that Democrats include people hostile to Jews in their coalition, and they shouldn't be allowed to slip away from this dilemma."

Because black votes are so essential to Mondale's election hopes and because Jackson is deemed by the Mondale campaign to be so central to winning black votes, the "anti-Semitism" issue ought to cut deeper against Mondale than the "Christianizing" issue cuts against Reagan, especially since Reagan needs Jerry Falwell's support less than Mondale needs Jackson's. Still, the issue cuts. It brings back memories of Jews being pressured as children to say Christian prayers in school and raises fears that their children might have to do the same, even if Reagan says school prayers under his proposed constitutional amendment would be nondenominational and voluntary. A Jewish political expert who works in Washington but lives in rural Virginia says that "there are directories around, and TV commercials saying 'buy in these Christian stores.' What does that mean about stores that aren't 'Christian'? Paul Laxalt writes a letter addressed 'Dear Christian leader,' not, 'Dear religious leader.' I've got people coming by my house asking me to change my faith. The feeling among Jews is that they've lived most comfortably in societies that are open and free. Fundamentalism is actually a worse threat than anti-Semitism. Everybody agrees that that's out of bounds. We have plenty of allies on that issue. This Christianizing business goes much deeper into the Jewish soul. It's a survival issue."

"What this conjures up among Jews," said Bernard Aronson, a Mondale adviser, "is: 'You're an outsider. You're a target. You don't belong.' Historically, when someone's decided Jews don't fit, they've tried to kill them or drive them out. It's happened enough times in the name of Christianity that Jews are very sensitive about it." According to Mark Siegel, former executive director of the Democratic National Committee, "In historical memory, what we're talking about here is Cossacks and the Inquisition. In the Inquisition, they didn't kill you for being a Jew. They asked you to convert, and if you didn't, then they killed you. Practically every one of our grandparents or parents fled some sort of persecution. Jews became furriers and jewelers precisely because they had skills they could take to another place when they were driven out. One of my relatives told me as a kid in New York not to put money in the bank, but buy some diamonds so that when I had to flee, I could. Not *if*, mind you—when."

It's widely felt in the Jewish community that Reagan had an opportunity to tranquilize the fundamentalist issue in his speech on September 6 to B'nai B'rith, but that he failed to do so adequately. White House strategists say he did not want to give added attention to a Mondale issue, so he merely affirmed his dedication to the principle of separation of church and state and went on to recount at length what he's done for U.S.-Israeli relations.

The Reagan record on the Middle East is mixed, in fact, much as the Carter-Mondale Administration's was. Carter produced the Camp David settlement, but he also hectored the Israelis about West Bank settlements, toyed with the ideas of an independent Palestinian state and a Geneva Conference on the Arab-Israeli dispute, and appointed two United Nations ambassadors who sympathized with the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Reagan has the advantage of having made his mistakes early—selling AWACS to Saudi Arabia, allowing aides to criticize Israel's destruction of Iraq's nuclear reactor and invasion of Lebanon, and promoting a peace plan that Israel rejected. In the last two years, though, Reagan has tilted strongly toward Israel on strategic cooperation and aid.

Reagan also has a not-so-secret weapon in U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. When Israel's departing U.N. ambassador, Yehuda Blum, spoke to an American audience not long ago and was asked to compare U.S. policy at the U.N. under Carter and Reagan, he said, "We went from the worst relations we've ever had, which couldn't get worse, to the best relations that couldn't be better." If the Reagan campaign can get Jews to identify the Administration with Kirkpatrick and Mondale with Jesse Jackson and Andrew Young, then Reagan can win a Jewish majority for the Republicans for the first time since 1920. Walter Mondale, meanwhile, has got to remind Jews that he was a part of Camp David and to identify Reagan with the radical right.

MORTON KONDRACKE

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How the racist rabbi dupes the press.

KAHANE'S PLOY

Jerusalem

GETTING ATTENTION is Meir Kahane's business, and lately he has been doing it distressingly well. During his campaign for a seat in the Knesset, Rabbi Kahane had repeatedly promised to go to the Israeli Arab town of Umm al-Fahm and open an "emigration office" for its 24,000 residents as a first step toward "getting the Arabs out of Israel." When he attempted to enter Umm al-Fahm on August 29, hundreds of media people were on hand to cover the event. Five thousand Jewish and Arab demonstrators protested his visit, and Kahane was turned away by police at the outskirts of town. Nevertheless, Kahane succeeded at Umm al-Fahm, for his true aim was not to take concrete action, but to win publicity. He succeeded in gaining wide attention in the Israeli and world press—including prominent spots on each of three American television networks and front-page notice in *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. Once again in their reporting of Kahane, the media presented a false picture of his significance in Israeli politics.

Kahane's political beliefs are frankly racist. He says the Arabs are multiplying like "many, many dogs," and must be expelled before they overwhelm Israel and destroy its Jewish character. Democracy is seen as expendable: "I'm a Jew, not a democrat," he is fond of saying. And he is scornful of the leaders of Israel's political parties, whom he labels "dwarfs." Kahane's extremism makes him an essentially marginal figure in Israel. Yet he is presented by most Western reporters as a significant political force, and this has the effect of promoting his cause. The more media attention Kahane gets, the more legitimacy, visibility, and support he gains. Kahane himself opened a July 28 press conference in Jerusalem by thanking the assembled reporters, most of whom were from Western television and newspapers. "You have made me ten times bigger than I am," he said. "And you haven't seen anything yet. . . . I'm going to drive this country crazy."

The American-born rabbi and founder of the Brooklyn-based Jewish Defense League, who emigrated to Israel in 1971 with a small band of followers, has long been aware of the power of the media. He used the press to build his movement in New York City in the 1960s and 1970s. For twenty-five years he has written a column for the *Jewish Press* of Brooklyn, the largest Jewish newspaper in the United States. According to several former J.D.L. associates, he also often wrote in the *Jewish Press* about himself and the activities of the J.D.L. under a variety of pen names, thus giving the impression that other journalists too were interested in Meir Kahane. "Kahane is a genius at capturing headlines," says a former J.D.L. colleague. "He knows very well the workings of television and of newspapers. He plays them like a symphony orchestra." In a recent interview with Carla Hall of *The Washington Post*, Kahane boasted that the J.D.L. "bombed the Russian mission in New York, the Russian cultural mission here in 1970, the Soviet trade offices," and thus succeeded in putting "Soviet Jews on page one." He added, "Our violence was a very well-thought-out political movement." (Hall's story was accompanied by a large photo of Kahane splashed across the top half of the paper's "Style" section.)

Kahane's basic tactic today is to supply the media with a steady stream of sensational events (like Umm al-Fahm) to photograph and explosive quotes to scribble in their notebooks. At the July 28 press conference, Kahane noticed a photographer standing up to take his picture; he stopped talking long enough to strike a pose, then continued with a harangue in which he waved a Bible in the air and declared that, "Anyone who goes against Kahane goes against this."

Kahane's carefully staged antics have diverted the media's attention from the realities of Israeli politics. Center and center-left parties like the Citizens' Rights Movement, Shinui (Change), and Yahad (Together) made significant gains in the election. But on July 26, a few days after the election, the headline of a Reuters story on page three of *The International Herald Tribune* read: RABBI DECLARES 'JIHAD' TO EXPEL ISRAELI ARABS. The theme of Flora Lewis's July 29 *New York Times* column was that the proliferation of small parties has paralyzed Israel's political process. But Lewis devoted over half of the column to Kahane and his American sympathizers—thus distorting a legitimate point by focusing on the smallest, weakest, and most extreme of the small parties. The next day, Anthony Lewis wrote in the *Times* that the election "conveyed a graphic picture of a changing country," a country that "has increasingly become gripped not only by zealotry but by paranoia." Lewis did not explain how Kahane's vote total of 25,000 out of over two million cast could indicate a nationwide case of psychosis.

SOMETIMES THE American press has skewed the issues by editorial obfuscation. In an election editorial on July 25, *The Baltimore Sun* wrote: "It will strike the many friends of Israel as healthy that the Progressive List for Peace, a frankly pro-Palestinian party of Israeli Jews and Arabs that is not communist, has gained a symbolic two seats. But the Progressive List will be joined by the combative anti-Arab Kach Party of Rabbi Meir Kahane, adding a complementary extremism on the intransigent end of the spectrum. . . ." It is not clear what the *Sun* meant by first calling the Progressive List "healthy" and then suggesting that it was as extremist as Kahane. In any case, the editorial failed to note that the Progressive List actively sought and won a pre-election benediction from none other than Yasir Arafat's P.L.O. Neither the Progressive List nor Kahane are "healthy" developments, but the *Sun* saw the Progressive List as the more benign of the two, even though its policies, if enacted, would bring on the

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destruction of Israel just as surely as Kahane's.

In fact Kahane does not represent a trend toward extremism in Israeli politics; a third of the electorate voted for the Labor Party, which favors territorial compromise and a freeze on settlements on the West Bank. And although American readers and television viewers might not have heard much about it, Israeli politicians and citizens mobilized against Kahane immediately after the election. Even in the midst of their wrangling over the formation of a national unity government, the two major parties, Labor and Likud, as well as the small parties of the left and right, condemned Kahane in resounding terms. "I totally reject everything he says," former Prime Minister Menachem Begin told Agence France Presse. Jerusalem's popular mayor, Teddy Kollek, called Kahane "a stain on Israeli democracy," and warned a meeting of officials from American Jewish organizations that "Kahane is liable to become the symbol of Israel and Judaism in the eyes of the world." Kollek is said to be furious with the Jerusalem police for not adequately protecting Arab shopkeepers when Kahane's men staged a rowdy post-election victory march through the Moslem quarter of the old city. The mayor later instructed the Jerusalem police to keep a sharp eye on Kahane's followers. President Chaim Herzog devoted a substantial portion of his inaugural address to the Israeli Knesset to a pointed condemnation of political ideologies that defy the Israeli Declaration of Independence's guarantees of social and political equality.

WHEN KAHANE came to the Knesset for the swearing-in ceremony, he was met by over 2,000 demonstrators holding signs that said RACISM DESTROYS DEMOCRACY and FASCISM WILL NOT COME. Demonstrations against Kahane were also mounted in Jerusalem and in Arab towns, bringing together Jews and Arabs. At Umm al-Fahm, the protesters included a dozen Knesset members, Jewish youth groups, and a contingent of conservative rabbis. Although television coverage emphasized clashes between police and radical Arab youths, the real story was what one veteran Israeli journalist on the scene called "that rare thing in Israel—genuine Jewish-Arab unity."

The Israelis are considering a number of measures to contain Kahane, whose parliamentary immunity frees him from prosecution on libel and slander charges. Israel's Justice Ministry has instructed the attorney general to draw up a law that would make racist incitement a criminal offense, and thus open Kahane to prosecution. The attorney general is drafting a second law that would enable an authorized committee to disqualify political parties from running for the Knesset if the parties preach racism or if their views threaten to undermine the democratic nature of the state. (In June the Israeli Supreme Court overturned a decision by the Central Elections Committee which had barred Kach and the Progressive List from running in the election because of their extremist views.) The Association for Civil Rights in Israel is working on recommendations for the Knesset on limiting parliamentary immunity. The public and various Knesset members are pressing for changes in the electoral system that would raise the current 1-percent-of-the-vote qualification for a Knesset seat to 2 or 3 percent, and would freeze Kahane out of future Knessets.

Whether or not these plans succeed, those who cover Israeli politics should be aware of the function served by Kahane's political theatrics. His skill at exploiting the media is matched only by his contempt for it. On August 28, when an Israeli journalist challenged him on his plan to force the Arabs out, Kahane shouted: "Scum! Idiot! Get out of here! . . . When I come to power, I'll take care of this press." Kahane is unlikely ever to be in a position to carry out this threat. It is more probable that he will keep savaging the press even as he tries to make it serve his hateful brand of fringe politics.

MICAH MORRISON

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The Senator for sea turtles.

ROGER ON THE RUN

IF INDIANA JONES were a politician, his name might be Roger Jepsen. The handsome Republican Senator from Iowa, who is up for reelection this year, somehow finds himself in one wildly improbable fix after another. Then, just when it seems he will be crushed by a new revelation or devoured by the snakes who oppose him, he effects a breathtaking escape, usually accompanied by much clamor and confusion. Jepsen's adventures, though entertaining, are a continuing puzzlement to the good people of Iowa, whose politicians, like themselves, tend to be open, honest, intelligent, and just a little bit boring.

The latest episode finds Jepsen in a Des Moines "health club" later determined by courts to be a house of prostitution. Two Iowa radio stations reported in June that Jepsen, in March 1977, signed an application for membership to the Leisure Spa, Ltd. "There are many options available that members may wish to do," the application hinted delicately, "and it is the responsibility of the member to ask what he can do." Jepsen, the chief sponsor of the so-called Family Protection Act and a leading advocate of New Right conservative social values, confirmed that he went to the club but offered several explanations of what exactly he was doing there.

At first he said that the incident took place when he was a private citizen, more than eighteen months before he was elected to the Senate and several months before he experienced a religious conversion that made him a "born-again Christian." Then he explained that his visit was an

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act of "curiosity and weakness" as well as "stupidity" that occurred when he had been traveling and was tired. Finally, he claimed that he went to the Leisure Spa thinking it was a health club, that he left immediately after learning it was something else, and that he never went back. The last point seems dubious given the fact that Jepsen signed the application, which stated forthrightly that the club offered such services as "nude modeling, nude encounters, and nude rap sessions" to its members. Donald Kaul, a columnist for the *Cedar Rapids Gazette*, observed: "They asked him his name; he told them. They asked him his address; he told them. They asked him his occupation; he wrote down 'Pres.' Then he signed the thing! Anyone dumb enough to do that is too dumb to be a U.S. Senator. It's an old story, really. When you go to a house of ill fame and leave your name, first you get famous, then you get ill."

The sex club episode caused a sensation in Iowa and in political circles everywhere. Jepsen was already fighting for his political life in a tough reelection battle with Democratic Representative Tom Harkin. With the story being repeated daily on radio and television and in newspaper editorials, and with Democrats sporting "Roger Jepsen, Porn Again" buttons, many people assumed Jepsen was finished for good.

As usual, Jepsen made the worst of a bad situation. The day of the state Republican convention, he told a group of evangelical businessmen that he had seen the wisdom of reforming his ways. He said that his deeply religious wife, Dee, had told him: "If you walk around with one foot in this kingdom and one foot in the secular world, all you get is a bloody crotch. That's telling it like it is, and, Roger, you better get with the program."

HOWEVER, as anyone who has followed Jepsen's career should know, it is much too early to write his political obituary. Reporters did that once before, when Jepsen first ran for the Senate in 1978. A former state senator and lieutenant governor, Jepsen had been out of public office since 1972, when he retired after an abortive effort to challenge Robert Ray, the state's popular, moderate Republican governor. As a private citizen, Jepsen sold electronic grain-testing equipment until 1976, when he founded the National Eye Care Association. The firm marketed insurance against total, accidental blindness in both eyes—except in cases of disease, war, military training, and self-inflicted injuries. Not surprisingly, National Eye Care didn't have to pay many claims, but it didn't have many customers either, and the business foundered.

So Jepsen entered the 1978 Senate race as the underdog even within his own party. But in the Republican primary he trounced a moderate opponent supported by the party establishment. Then he faced incumbent Democrat Dick Clark, an active and articulate liberal with a high public approval rating, an excellent staff, and a reputation as an excellent political strategist. Throughout the campaign, Jepsen was dogged by controversy over omissions in his personal and campaign finance disclosure reports, his ties to conservative fund-raiser Richard Viguerie, published allegations that the government of South Africa was illegally funding his candidacy, and his own comments, such as an offhand suggestion that Social Security perhaps ought to be turned over to private business. Without much money to spend on his campaign, he often piloted himself from town to town in a rented plane, accompanied only by a single campaign worker and his wife, Dee. (She has told Iowa audiences that God spoke to her in a "dream of confidence," saying He wanted Roger in the U.S. Senate.)

Nevertheless, Jepsen won 52 percent of the vote. His victory sometimes has been attributed to the support of the anti-abortion movement, which, according to exit polls, accounted for about 8 percent of the vote. In reality, though, it was a personal victory for Jepsen himself. He appealed to the suspicion, rooted deep in Iowa's soul, of big government. He presented himself as a force of rectitude, a God-fearing public servant who understood the burdens of the common man and would go to Washington as a simple "hired hand for the people of Iowa." Still, almost nobody who followed his campaign as it stumbled from one calamity to the next believed that he would win, and no one could fully explain it when he did. James Flansburg, then the *Des Moines Register*'s chief political writer, watched Jepsen's inexplicable capacity to triumph over adversity, and compared him to the baseball player Eddie Stanky, of whom it was said, "He can't hit, he can't throw, he can't run or field. All he can do is beat you."

MOST OBSERVERS assumed that Jepsen would arrive in the Senate, hire a good staff, find a couple of farm issues in which to specialize, and quietly establish a hold on his Senate seat that would last a generation. In some respects, he has done that. He won assignments to the Agriculture, Armed Services, and Joint Economic Committee, and is now chairman of the latter. He has become the Senate's leading advocate of soil conservation programs, an important issue in a state with the nation's worst erosion problem. His voting record, though certainly conservative, has not veered sharply to the right of his Republican colleagues. At the outset, his staff was heavily populated with ideologues, but after considerable turnover (Jepsen is now on his fifth press secretary), it seems more attuned to Iowa's interests and politics. With his silver hair and well-cut suits, Jepsen is a man who looks like he belongs in the Senate.

But Jepsen's term has been anything but quiet. Soon after he took office, he announced that he was going to be appointed to the Ethics Committee, an extraordinary development in light of the number of questions raised during his 1978 campaign. After articles about the campaign and Jepsen's eye insurance business were published in THE NEW REPUBLIC (See "Blind Iowa," by John Hyde, February 3, 1979) and *Barron's*, the appointment never materialized.

In 1983 *Congressional Quarterly* reported that Jepsen used a Marine Corps colonel to work on Jepsen's personal staff and to obtain Defense Department contracts for Iowa firms; the colonel's $45,000-a-year salary was paid by the Pentagon. Jepsen shrugged off the criticism and kept the

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Marine on his staff. He also used Joint Economic Committee funds to pay six of his staff members (including his press secretary), whose annual salaries totaled $250,000. The staff members did little or no work for the committee. Jepsen claimed—incorrectly—that this was not unusual. There was the matter of almost $250,000 transferred over a three-year period from Jepsen's campaign treasury to himself, and an unofficial "office account" controlled by him. The Internal Revenue Service holds such money to be the personal income of the officeholder, but Jepsen did not declare any of the $50,000 on his tax returns. "These [funds] aren't for my services," he explained. "They're just to pay bills that come from my credit cards."

In April 1983 Jepsen was stopped by a northern Virginia policewoman while driving alone in a lane reserved for car pools. He dodged the $35 ticket, claiming Congressional immunity. The reaction in Washington was close to outrage. (One local radio announcer advised commuters to honk at Jepsen when he drove by.) Back in Iowa, Jepsen struck a defiant stance, telling audiences, "It's perfectly legal. I drive my American-made car to work as provided for in the Constitution."

On another occasion, Jepsen flew to Texas during a Congressional recess for surgery on his eyes. When the newspapers found out about it, an aide explained that Jepsen had deposits of fat around his eyes which could eventually cause him to go blind. But a nurse in the doctor's office had a distinctly different view of the surgeon's specialty. "He does the pretty stuff," she told a reporter. "People come in here from all over the world. . . . He's a sculptor and artist." Jepsen returned looking more senatorial than ever.

The Senator has also fought valiantly on behalf of green sea turtle farmers. It seems he was on vacation in Grand Cayman Island when he met a German gynecologist who told him of the plight of a local turtle farm, which had fallen on hard times because of U.S. import restrictions. Jepsen was moved by the woman's story, and upon returning to Congress he championed the cause of the turtle farm, portraying it as a bastion of capitalism beset by Communist tyranny. Thus far his effort to convince federal officials to remove the green sea turtles from the endangered species list and allow them to be imported has been unsuccessful.

And no account of Jepsen's senatorial career would be complete without some mention of the celebrated AWACS incident. Throughout much of 1981 Jepsen proclaimed himself the Senate's leading opponent of the Administration's plan to sell AWACS radar planes to Saudi Arabia. Hours before the Senate vote, however, Jepsen announced he would support the sale, saying he changed his mind after praying with his wife and seeing classified security documents. But a White House aide offered a simpler explanation of Jepsen's switch: "We just beat his brains out. That's all. . . . We stood him up in front of an open grave and said he could jump in if he wanted to."

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The cumulative effect of these stories has been to convince some observers that Jepsen is a lightweight. "It's hard to be even a passable Senator if you can't speak and think with at least a trace of clarity," Eleanor Randolph wrote in a January 1982 *Washington Monthly* article which named Jepsen as one of the eight worst Senators. But the stories also have convinced many of his constituents that he is being persecuted by Democrats, eastern liberals, "secular humanists," the press, and others who would stand in the way of Jepsen's vision of America.

It is a notion Jepsen is eager to promote. A full-page newspaper advertisement, purchased by Jepsen in the wake of the sex club revelation, alluded to the plot against him: "In the past few months, my wife, Dee, and I and our staff have become aware of an organized, deliberate attempt at character assassination directed toward us by forces which seek my defeat for reelection in November." Jepsen's own personality and style further reinforce the suspicion that same vague conspiracy is at work against him. Unlike Iowa's other politicians, who tend to be infor-

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mal with the press and public, Jepsen is dignified and grave in manner. With some reporters he is brusque, with others he refuses to speak at all.

Now Jepsen is facing the greatest challenge of his political career. Iowa agriculture has not been helped much by the economic recovery, and farmers can be notoriously ornery when times get bad. The peace groups, the women's movement, and civil liberties advocates are all after his neck. Some members of his own party are disaffected (72 percent of Iowa Republicans polled said they wanted someone to run against Jepsen in the Senate primary; no one did), and his Democratic opponent, Harkin, is an excellent political slugger who can be expected to give as good as he gets. And, worst of all, Jepsen has been caught in a whorehouse. In his own words, spoken before the state Republican convention, he has been "stripped of all worldly pride and humbled before an entire nation." Is he finished, through, kaput? Don't bet the farm on it. Remember Indiana Jones.

JOHN HYDE

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How our best trade experts become their best lobbyists.

JAPAN'S SECRET AGENTS

BY DAVID OSBORNE

AS THE U.S. trade deficit mounts toward an unprecedented $100 billion, Democrats and Republicans alike have responded with a call to unify our trade agencies in a Department of International Trade and Industry—modeled, naturally, after the famed Japanese Ministry of International Trade and Industry (MITI). Rather than worrying about where our trade agencies are housed and what titles they wear, however, perhaps we should be looking at what they do. If we did, we might discover that they have become virtual training camps for our Japanese competitors, whose roster of lawyers, lobbyists, and consultants reads like an all-star team of former U.S. trade specialists.

The best place to start would be the office of the United States Trade Representative, our point agency in negotiations with troublesome trading partners such as Japan. A small organization, containing only ten or twenty of the high-level positions that serve as stepping-stones for lobbyists and consultants, U.S.T.R. has seen a dozen of its graduates go on to lobby for Japan over the last decade. Is it any wonder that the Japanese have been so successful in preserving their share of the American market while discouraging American imports?

To see how the process works, consider the case of Eric Garfinkel, an attorney who spent most of 1981 and 1982 at U.S.T.R. and then moved to the White House to become the chief international trade lawyer at the Office of Policy Development. While there, he was deeply involved in the 1983 Administration debate over import sanctions against the Japanese machine tool industry. Six months after the case was decided (in Japan's favor), Garfinkel left the White House to join a prominent Washington law firm. His most important client? The Japanese Machine Tool Builders Association, which is again fighting a suit by the American machine tool industry.

Steve Lande, one of Garfinkel's colleagues at U.S.T.R., was in charge of Japanese negotiations for several years at the agency. In 1982 he left to work for William Eberle, who, after serving as chief of the (American) Motor Vehicle Manufacturers Association, was the U.S. Trade Representative under Presidents Nixon and Ford. In 1983 Eberle and Lande's firm earned $216,000 lobbying for Nissan, the Japanese auto manufacturer.

Another U.S.T.R. veteran is John Rehm, a prominent Washington trade lawyer whose clients have included Toyota, Nissan, Subaru, and the Automobile Importers of America. Rehm has also represented Sears Roebuck and Co., which was indicted in 1980 for allegedly concealing $1.1 million in rebates on television sets it bought from Japanese manufacturers. According to the grand jury, Sears sought to avoid the "dumping" tariffs imposed on foreign-made TVs sold under a certain price in the United States. Sears did this, the grand jury said, by paying more for the TV sets than the actual transaction price; it then got the money back in rebates on items not subject to dumping duties. Rehm was named as an unindicted co-conspirator, on the strength of a memo in which he allegedly proposed the rebate scheme. The case has yet to come

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to trial, and Rehm emphatically denies any guilt.

The pattern, in the three cases outlined above, is suggestive. In each one, the American industry involved—machine tools, autos, and televisions—has lost an enormous share of its market and an enormous number of jobs to competitors from Japan. These markets were no doubt lost to products better and cheaper than American firms could offer. But when the opposite is true, as in telecommunications equipment, the Japanese market often remains stubbornly closed. Protecting this advantage is the chief function of the Japanese lobby in Washington.

The pattern is not limited to former U.S.T.R. officials. Other hired guns for the Japanese have come from the upper reaches of the Commerce, Transportation, and Treasury Departments. Several years ago, for example, a staff member at the International Trade Commission hired on as a lobbyist with Honda a few months after completing her portion of a report on whether domestic automakers should be given relief. But more important have been the I.T.C. chairmen who have moved on to represent Japanese firms. Daniel Minchew, who served under Ford and Carter, even admitted negotiating a contract with his Japanese employers while still on the commission. The breach first came to the government's attention when a Japanese official called the State Department to ask why an I.T.C. commissioner was soliciting business from his Tokyo hotel room.

AMERICAN EXPERTS on Japan first left to go to work for the Land of the Rising Sun as long ago as the 1950s. But the migration did not pick up speed until the late 1970s, when an expanding trade deficit and growing protectionist pressures forced the Japanese to search for allies in Washington. The turning point came in 1978, when former Deputy Trade Representative Harold Malmgren negotiated a $300,000-a-year contract with members of the Electronics Industry Association of Japan, while at the same time on a $100,000-a-year retainer with the Japan Whaling Association. "The $300,000 figure just sent everything into orbit," remembers one trade official. "Everybody talked about it. Even their wives talked about it, everybody who was worried about getting their kids through college. . . . It went right around the cocktail circuit."

Within a year U.S.T.R. General Counsel Alan Wolff left to practice law and handle a $200,000-a-year retainer with Nissan; he was later joined by his former assistant, Michael Gadbaw. Robert Strauss, who ran the agency for three years under Carter, and Richard Rivers, his deputy trade representative, handled Japanese clients for a time at Strauss's firm until a conflict with an important American client forced a parting of the ways. John Greenwald and Robert Cassidy, from the general counsel's office, now handle a major Japanese client for another of Washington's well-known trade firms. Other recent migrants include Lande, Garfinkel, and Steve Saunders, who set up shop as a consultant and lobbyist last year and quickly landed the Japanese Embassy as a client.

By now many of those who leave trade positions aggressively recruit Japanese clients, who have a reputation as an easy touch. "All the lawyers and the formers and the God-knows-whats would come around and take us out to lunch," says Robert Angel, the former director of the Japan Economic Institute, which is funded by the Japanese government. "They'd tell us confidentially toward the end of lunch that they'd be willing to do some business with the Japanese."

The Japanese are hardly unique in exploiting Washington's revolving door between government and industry. And many of those listed above represent American firms and European firms, along with their Japanese clients. But no foreign country has been as systematic as the Japanese. They "have more to lose than anybody else," explains Eric Garfinkel. "There's no single foreign government that's got the number of hired guns in town that they've got. They're getting good information; they're sophisticated. They know how to work the process well."

As Japanese imports have flooded the United States, industry after industry has petitioned Washington for help—either in closing U.S. markets or in opening Japan up to American goods. These issues wind up before the U.S Trade Representative and the International Trade Commission, whose former members return to present the Japanese side of the story.

IT IS DIFFICULT to tell just how much of an advantage this inside expertise gives the Japanese; everyone involved seems to have a different opinion. Albert Yamada, a lobbyist whose firm has a number of Japanese clients, puts it this way: "There's no substitute for having sat behind the desk and watched all the memos go across. If that guy is out there, and you can hire him as an attorney, he's going to know what the issues are, how some of the career people behave, who to call up, and how the system works, so he can call the right people."

The people who answer those calls are in an awkward position. Thomas Sheldon, who was until recently a Justice Department lawyer involved in international trade issues, recalls how uneasy it made people at the department and at the U.S.T.R. office when former superiors dropped by to make their new pitches. "They know where all the skeletons are buried. They know what all the internal rules and guidelines were. I worked for the antitrust division, and they'd say, 'Well, you know we always thought that those kind of Japanese documents were inadmissible in trial, and you know we always discounted them. Are you going to build a case on those? Are you telling me you've changed a totally sensible policy?' "

Sometimes the contacts are more informal, as in the periodic dinners for trade officials hosted by Eberle, Malmgren, and others. Their guests have included Bill Brock, the current U.S. Trade Representative, and Lionel Olmer, the key Commerce Department official on Japanese trade issues.

Another target of criticism is the so-called "demonstration effect," when a $60,000-a-year U.S.T.R. staff member

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sees his predecessors earning $200,000-a-year from their Japanese clients. "There's some incentive there to try to go easy," says Joel Lisker, formerly director of the Justice Department office where foreign lobbyists are required to register and now a Congressional committee staff director. "I'm not saying that anybody would consciously pull their punches, but a normal person could not help but believe that if he plays the game the way it is supposed to be played, in terms of not hurting potential employers—not necessarily currying favor with them, or even doing anything to help them, but not going out of his way to hurt them—then the same financially lucrative future that his predecessor came to enjoy might also come his way."

OTHERS DERIDE this notion as nonsense. But even they admit that morale can suffer in other ways. "It's very irritating to have to deal with the promotion and review process here and have people nickel and dime you about grade increases," says one Administration trade official, "when you know that Eric Garfinkel walked out the door and got $96,000."

"The presence of all that money out there is a sort of given," this official adds. "Our society is not one that honors or respects people who work a lifetime for the government. I think it's more or less assumed that one will cash in."

Some believe that agencies such as U.S.T.R. have become, for ambitious young lawyers, little more than a way to "cash in"—the quickest means of enhancing one's market value in Washington. "As far as lawyers are concerned, I don't think there's any doubt that people put in two years at U.S.T.R. or Commerce and leave as a trade expert and then go out and get big bucks," says Yamada, who is not an attorney. "You can double or triple your income. I don't think there's any doubt that these guys are looking out for their future."

Many former trade officials worry that this trend is creating too rapid a turnover at our trade agencies, undermining their ability to carry on effective negotiations. "It's extremely frustrating when you're in the mill, trying to negotiate something which you know is a five-year issue," says Andrew Osterman, a former Japan specialist at the State Department and who is now with an American high-technology firm in California. "Let's take the Nippon Telegraph and Telephone issue—the telecommunications trade imbalance is 20 to 1 and getting worse. There are an incredible number of very difficult technical, commercial, and political problems involved in solving that thing. It's going to take a decade of technical people on a day-to-day operating level and a decade of political commitment at a higher level. When you have average turnover that I guess is in the two-year range for the high-level people, your ability to sustain that sort of negotiation is virtually nil. So the N.T.T. problem, almost by institutional definition, becomes insoluble."

Finally, there is the effect of Japanese largesse on the very climate of opinion in Washington. In Robert Angel's estimation, seven of every ten Japan experts who are not in government work directly or indirectly for Japanese interests.

With that many people on the payroll, some argue, the Japanese perspective is ever present. Those who lean too hard on the Japanese, whether in cocktail party conversations or in government, are constantly made aware of the reasons to go easy. And the offers—whether of retainers, trips to Japan, or honoraria—are steady. One former trade official reports a recent offer of $25,000 a year to serve on the board of a new nonprofit organization of opinion leaders, to comment on U.S.-Japan trade disputes. The proposition, which requested attendance at only four meetings a year, came from the U.S. distributor of a Japanese auto company through a public relations firm.

All of these arguments are intangible, of course. They are impossible to prove or disprove, and their truth, like beauty, lies in the eye of the beholder. One can understand why they alarm people, however, when one looks at the statistics. In 1975, our bilateral merchandise trade deficit with Japan was $1.7 billion; this year it was over $10 billion in the first four months alone. "It's a mistake to think the Japanese are coming to town looking for knockdown victories," explains Harold Malmgren. "With a $20 billion trade surplus [in 1983], they're simply interested in preserving what they've got."

THE GREATEST service performed for the Japanese by American trade specialists may not be lobbying or representing their interests before the I.T.C. or U.S.T.R. It may be something as simple as analyzing sentiment in Washington and helping the Japanese respond appropriately. The Eberles and Rehms and Garfinkels give Japanese firms a sophistication necessary in Washington, helping them defuse potentially explosive situations without sacrificing their already large share of the U.S. market.

The example which best illustrates this point is the voluntary auto import quota initiated by Japan in 1981—the origin of which has never been reported. The tale begins with Robert Keefe, a lobbyist and Democratic Party insider who ran John Glenn's Presidential campaign in 1984 and Scoop Jackson's in 1976. Keefe has done work over the years for both Toyota and MITI. While his friend Bob Strauss was U.S. Trade Representative, Keefe periodically served as an informal "back channel" with MITI, a means by which negotiators on both sides could sound each other out, off the record.

In 1980 Congress was considering a quota on Japanese cars, sponsored by Senator John Danforth of Missouri. Relying on its American analysts, MITI correctly gauged the depth of sentiment on the auto imports issue. In July, while working on the Carter reelection campaign, Keefe brought an informal feeler from the MITI bureaucracy to his colleagues at the White House. MITI officials understood that Japanese auto imports were causing problems, he explained. They wanted to establish a voluntary import quota, but needed a signal from the Administration that such a quota would not be treated as an antitrust violation—an illegal restraint of trade.

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The Carter Administration put together an interagency working group to consider the request, coordinated by Stuart Eizenstat. According to Eizenstat, Keefe bowed out when the group asked him to get specifics in writing. (Keefe says he does not recollect this; others speculate that because he was not registered as a lobbyist for MITI at the time—as required if one is working for a foreign government—he did not want to go on the record.) The Administration then turned to Jiro Murase, another lawyer whose firm handles major Japanese clients. Murase brought back an extremely detailed message from his contacts at MITI, specifying the proposed limit (700,000 imported cars between August and December, or 1.68 million a year) and providing several word-for-word versions of a letter President Carter might send to the Japanese Prime Minister welcoming the quota. The memo warned, however, that use of communication channels other than Murase might create political problems. The letter should first come to the MITI bureaucracy, which would then discuss it with the minister, who would inform the Prime Minister, who would sell the idea to his party and the Japanese public.

The Carter Administration ignored the warning, asking U.S. Ambassador Mike Mansfield in Tokyo to check the sincerity of the offer. When the embassy contacted MITI, its minister, who was new and had not been informed of the negotiations, scotched the deal. The Carter Administration lost its chance for an election-year coup.

AFTER REAGAN was elected, MITI again put out feelers. When Secretary of State Alexander Haig heard of the idea, he contacted the Japanese Foreign Ministry to discuss it, trying to bring the negotiations onto his turf. Again MITI was outraged. But it persisted, and finally negotiations were begun with Bill Brock and his staff.

The previous discussions with the Carter Administration had been so secret that those involved in the 1981 negotiations at U.S.T.R. knew nothing about them. They were a bit surprised by how quickly the Japanese came up with a number, 1.68 million. But they accepted it, bargaining only for two years rather than one (plus an optional third year, during which the number might be adjusted upward). The Japanese also wanted a high-level U.S. delegation to visit Tokyo and publicly demand a quota, but Brock refused. As a compromise, Steve Lande, who would leave U.S.T.R. a year later, was sent over to discuss the condition of the American auto industry, without mentioning a quota. (Ever since, this kind of visit, the function of which is strictly public relations, has been dubbed a "Lande mission.")

According to a source involved in the negotiations, the Reagan Administration was interested in the quota more to cool off Congress than to actually restrict imports. Those at the top were not kindly disposed toward protectionism. Like the Japanese, they understood that a 1.68 million limit would hold back few Japanese imports during the coming recession. And that is precisely what happened: the quota was publicly trumpeted as holding Japan's share of U.S. auto sales to 17 percent, but as sales plunged during the recession, it increased to 23 percent. By exporting more expensive models, the Japanese actually raised the value of their exports from $8.4 billion in 1980 to $10.3 billion in 1982—and gained a foothold in the upscale market. In 1984, when U.S. sales recovered and the quota finally began to hurt, the Japanese upped it to 1.85 million and indicated it would not be renewed in 1985.

THE ENTIRE story demonstrates the tremendous sophistication of the Japanese in using U.S. contacts to deal with pressure from the United States. Given our wide-open economic system, in which our most talented people are expected to sell their services to the highest bidder, it would probably be foolish to expect anything else. The Japanese, who like to point out that there are more lawyers in Washington, D.C., than in all of Japan, are simply exploiting the same opportunities that American corporations have long enjoyed.

Jimmy Carter, who worried about this sort of thing, tried to slow the revolving door a bit with his Ethics in Government Act. But many members of Congress, who knew they would one day be lobbyists themselves, were not eager to break their own rice bowls. (Former Representatives who have represented Nissan, for instance, include Jack McDonald, a Michigan Republican, who was defeated in 1972, and California Democrat James Corman, who was a ranking member of the Ways and Means Committee until his defeat in 1980.) For whatever reason, Congress left loopholes in the Ethics Act big enough to drive a truck, American or Japanese, through.

The act forbids ex-government officials from ever lobbying on particular matters they handled while in government. But that leaves a lobbyist free to handle hundreds of related issues or to advise his client on matters he handled without actually lobbying himself. The act also prohibits high-level officials from lobbying the agency they supervised for a year after they leave government. But a year passes quickly, and there are many valuable services one can offer short of lobbying.

Defenders of the Japanese lobby like to argue that it is naïve to talk about stopping the revolving door—that this is simply the way the world works. They may be right about the naïveté, but they are wrong about one thing: the revolving door is not the way the world works; it is the way Washington works. Our trading partners—particularly Japan—would not dream of letting their rivals employ their best government-trained talent. As one American trade official puts it, "If you talk to people in Europe or Japan, the very idea of having the former trade guy go out and work for the country that's causing the most problems is preposterous."

So let's not fool ourselves. The wide-open way we do business in Washington may suit American industry just fine. It may keep the legal profession fat and happy, and it no doubt helps the dozens of fine restaurants that line Lobbyists's Row on K Street in downtown Washington. But it suits our economic competitors even better. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Native Lands

Places in the Heart
(Tri-Star Pictures)

Bizet's Carmen
(Triumph Films)

Christian belief is both the foundation rock and the irony of *Places in the Heart*. At the start we hear a hymn as we see houses and streets in Waxahachie, Texas, 1935. At the end, in a symbolic scene, almost all the characters of the film are seated in church, taking communion and murmuring "Praise God" to the sound of another hymn. In between we have seen greed, cruelty, murder, and natural disaster, all of them interwoven with lives of genuine faith.

That faith and its contradictions are what Robert Benton remembers most forcefully about Waxahachie, where he was born in 1932. After a varyingly effective career as screenwriter and director—his best work was *Kramer vs. Kramer*—he has made this picture about the place where he grew up. Still, filled with reminiscent detail though it is, it can't be strictly autobiographical: Benton is six or seven years younger than the boy in the picture, and in any case that boy couldn't have seen everything that happens—wouldn't have understood it, anyway.

Several story strands are followed: the struggle of a suddenly widowed young woman (Sally Field) to raise her two small children; the love affair between her sister's husband (Ed Harris) and another man's wife (Amy Madigan); the travail of a a black Depression vagrant (Danny Glover). I don't argue with the truth of these stories—how could I? But I note that Benton has hampered his telling of them with filmmaking clichés.

The main story is of Sally Field and family. All of them are having lunch one day when some men come for her husband, the sheriff, to take care of some minor trouble. He gets up, straps on his pistol, and says to his wife: "I won't be gone long." So we *know* he's going to be killed. (Especially since the role is cast with a lesser actor: a "name" actor would not be expendable.) To pay her way, Field puts in her first cotton crop. She is told that she must get her cotton to the gin by a certain day or lose the money she needs and that she can't possibly do it. Field sets her toy-bulldog jaw, and we know we're going to see a montage of hardships, bleeding hands, and so on, but that the job is going to be done. Madigan goes to a party at the home of her lover and his wife, and when Madigan walks into a darkened room, we know her lover is going to be waiting for her. When the Ku Klux Klan forces Glover to leave Field's farm where he has become a beloved aid to her and her children, we fear that he will walk off into the night like Paul Muni and Bette Davis—and he does.

And that usually superb cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, here leans heavily on the pretty. The result is less the softening vision of memory than the softness of the calendar illustrator.

Most of the acting is good, some of it is better. Field gives all possible tenderness and gumption to the brave-little-woman role. Harris and Madigan do what they can with the illicit lovers, but the characters are undeveloped. (Where are the big parts that Madigan deserves, as she proved in *Love Child*?) Lane Smith plays intelligently as the town's sanctimonious banker. Better than the rest, in some measure because the roles are better, are John Malkovich, nervous and proud as Field's blind boarder, and Glover, sweet and strong and resigned, as the harassed black man.

Benton's best accomplishment is his vision of the basic conflict in the town's life: between Christianity and human limitation. But all the elements in his film move either to neat uplift or neat poignancy, and his very familiarity with film conventions makes him skid on triteness while he tries to travel toward truth.

Francesco Rosi's *Carmen* film completes a sort of triptych. I don't mean a trio that includes Carlos Saura's danced *Carmen* and Godard's high-bouncing modernized version. Rosi's film—which for identification is tagged *Bizet's Carmen*—stands with Bergman's *The Magic Flute* and Syberberg's *Parsifal* as representative of a third way to film opera.

Bergman, in a sense prefiguring *After the Rehearsal*, blended film and theater with mercurial interplay. Syberberg disregarded theater tradition; he used Wagner's score as the soundtrack for a visual exploration of everything that the music made happen in his imagination and fantasy. Now Rosi does the best "orthodox" filming of an opera that I know, not by shooting a staged performance but by transmuting a theatrical work into a film musical. Zeffirelli bungled this approach with *La Traviata*, as did Losey with *Don Giovanni*. In Rosi's hands, the result is exciting and gorgeous.

Bizet's Carmen was shot on location—notably the Spanish city of Ronda and its antique bullring—and in excellent settings, all under the fine eye of Enrico Job, the production and costume designer. (Job, who is Lina Wertmüller's husband, contributed much to the distinctive look of her films.) The cinematographer was Pasqualino De Santis, who does here the best work of his career. De Santis is known particularly for his work with Zeffirelli (*Romeo and Juliet*), Visconti (*Death in Venice*), and with

FILMS WORTH SEEING

After the Rehearsal. Ingmar Bergman meditates on a life in the theater (where he has spent most of his career). Deft and absorbing. (Reviewed 6/25/84)

Another Country. Fine acting and skillful directing almost compensate for the thematic hollow in this English film about the origin of Burgess-McLean types. (7/9/84)

The Natural. Robert Redford makes Bernard Malamud's baseball novel his own, imperiously but effectively. (6/11/84)

Top Secret! The men who did *Airplane!* now spoof spy flicks. Fewer outright laughs but lots of pleasures. (8/13/84)

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Rosi (*The Mattei Affair, Christ Stopped at Eboli*). Here he blends the sumptuous qualities of the first two directors with Rosi's *verismo*. The immense Spanish sky, the romance of the old buildings and streets, the flare of passionate encounter, are held by De Santis within a palette of pastel, almost of watercolor. Obviously he and Rosi decided it would italicize matters to make *Carmen* look lurid. De Santis establishes a wonderful tension between the heat of what happens and the tightly controlled colors in which we see it.

Rosi's directing models were, I'd guess, more in the Minnelli-Donen line than in either classical opera or dramatic film. He wanted to keep it all fluent, at ease on screen, without ever pretending that it's not being sung and danced. The film teems with his enlivening ideas. I cite just one: when the cigarette girls pour out of the factory in panic, after Carmen's knife fight, they frighten a horse that is just then pulling a carriage past the factory doors. And Rosi, with the aid of his chief editor, Ruggero Mastroianni, makes the most of the bullring mystique (which he once explored in *The Moment of Truth*, 1965). The last scene between Carmen and Don José takes place in a sandy circle outside the arena while Escamillo is triumphing in the larger sandy circle inside.

Rosi's one touch of excess is with his wonderful Carmen. (All the roles are performed, I believe, by the people who sing them.) He urges or allows her to cut some bedroom capers that would have been just as clear without being so clarified. Still I understand his temptation. Julia Migenes-Johnson is a bombshell with a beautiful voice. Born in New York of Greek and Puerto Rican parentage, she has done pop work, musicals, and opera here and abroad—including at the Metropolitan, where she played Lulu. Migenes-Johnson has a cat face, a cat body, and feral timbre. The film needs virtually everything she can give it because Placido Domingo, singing well, plays Don José like a corseted tenor who has taken acting lessons; and Ruggero Raimondi, singing moderately well as Escamillo, looks like a matador on Geritol.

Antonio Gades, who designed the dancing for Saura's film and played the lead, did the sinuous choreography for this *Carmen*, too. Lorin Maazel conducts the Orchestre National de France with energy, but occasionally he loses the countermelody—as in the prelude to Act Three or with the woodwinds near the close of the "Flower Song."

The end of the *Carmen* trail is not yet. *Variety* reports from Paris that a French director has just finished a version made directly from Mérimée. Well, Rosi's film only whets the appetite. *Bizet's Carmen*, despite the stockish acting of the two male leads, is a treat.

THE REAGAN CHAINSAW MASSACRE

Season of Spoils: The Story of the Reagan Administration's Attack on the Environment by Jonathan Lash with Katherine Gillman and David Sheridan

(Pantheon, 385 pp., $21.95, $9.95 paper)

BY PHILLIP KEISLING

SHORTLY AFTER James Watt resigned as Secretary of the Interior in October 1983, Eleanor Randolph observed in these pages:

> In the end, it was the Republicans who did in Jim Watt. It was a logical outcome, since only the Republicans had a motive. Jim Watt will be missed by the Democrats, by the environmentalists, by those people who can put Watt's name on an envelope and get people to send it back with a $10 bill. The ultimate and often unspoken fear for these groups is that Watt's replacement will be quiet, likable, well-schooled in the ways of Washington. A smooth Jim Watt is their nightmare—a man who will not have to rape the environment, because he can seduce it instead.

Life seems to be running true to the script. Watt's successor, former National Security Adviser William Clark, is as low-key and affable as Watt was audacious and shrill. Clark has largely managed to keep the Interior Department out of the headlines, trying to disarm Congressional critics with such vague pronouncements as "The environment is common sense." Over at the Environmental Protection Agency, where Anne Gorsuch's resignation in March 1983 capped two years of increasingly damning revelations about the agency's negligence in cleaning up hazardous waste dumps, reducing acid rain, and regulating toxic chemicals, William Ruckelshaus's performance has left many environmentalists almost breathless. "Ruckelshaus has effected the most impressive turnaround that I have seen in my time in Washington," William K. Reilly, the president of the Conservation Foundation, recently told *National Journal*. Among Ruckelshaus's well-publicized actions: an emergency suspension order for the carcinogen EDB; new regulations mandating a 91 percent reduction in lead in gasoline by 1986; and stepped-up enforcement of the Clean Air and Water laws.

Does this signal a radical shift in the Administration's policies? Hardly. Clark has not abandoned any of Watt's major initiatives to open vast new tracts of federal land to oil, gas, and mineral interests. Instead, he has put them on hold until after the November election. Ruckelshaus has done virtually nothing about the E.P.A.'s most chronic problem: a glaring lack of resources. In January 1981, the agency had 14,500 employees and a budget of $1.35 billion; even that was lamentably inadequate to comply with its statutorial mandates. (The Federal Insecticide, Fungicide, and Rodenticide Act of 1972, for example, requires E.P.A. to certify the safety of about 50,000 chemicals; of 600 generic pesticides in common use, approximately 80 percent still haven't been adequately tested for their potential to

Phillip Keisling is a contributing editor of the *Washington Monthly*.

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cause cancer or genetic mutations.) Under Reagan, the problem has grown far worse. Since 1980, the E.P.A.'s budget has suffered nearly a 40 percent decrease, after inflation is considered. Of 546 "priority" toxic waste dumps scheduled for cleanup under the Superfund legislation, only six have been fully taken care of. According to a report by Environmental Safety, a bipartisan E.P.A. watchdog group, non-compliance with major air and water pollution laws is running in the neighborhood of 80 percent. Yet last year Ruckelshaus, caving in to heavy pressure from the White House, committed the decidedly unbureaucratic act of lobbying *against* additional funds that Congressional leaders wished to appropriate.

MANY of the Administration's critics sketch a plausible scenario to interpret recent events. Watt and Gorsuch were the "shock troops," willing to sacrifice their popularity (and ultimately their jobs) to dismantle the nation's environmental protection laws. Having served their purpose, they departed in sufficient time for Reagan to repair the political damage by appointing two caretakers who will step aside after the 1984 election to allow a renewed assault on environmental regulations.

The "shrewd politics" theory, however, only explains so much. The Administration also suffered many setbacks; there were major initiatives that were thwarted by Congress or an outraged public. It may be more accurate to say that Watt and Gorsuch didn't rape the environment so much as just talk dirty to it. And what political gain could Reagan have possibly foreseen in the botched attempt to appoint Anne Gorsuch (now Anne Burford) to a federal advisory commission on the oceans and the atmosphere? The move delighted environmentalists, who suddenly found their expressions of outrage back on the front page. To counter the damage, White House aides hastily arranged a three-day "environmental tour" for Reagan in July; at one stop the President made the implausible claim that his Administration had "moved aggressively" against hazardous waste dumps and that it was the Carter Administration that had been "negligent in its care of our natural heritage."

Reagan's *"Ich bin ein Environmentalist"* pose is no accident; he can read the polls as well as anybody. Environmental protection is not an issue that divides Republicans and Democrats—or "liberals and Americans," to use Watt's unfelicitious formulation. This is evident even when pollsters pose the issue in an unfavorable light. A 1982 Harris poll, for example, asked people whether they favored relaxing health and environmental standards "if the[ir] costs were too high." Over 65 percent still said "no." The National Wildlife Federation—whose 4.5 million members favored Reagan in 1980 by a 2 to 1 margin—last year queried its membership on ten of Watt's major policies. Ample majorities opposed all ten. Most revealing of all was a 1982 poll that found Watt highly unpopular in the same Western states that gave Reagan such resounding margins in 1980. At first glance this may seem odd. But all eight Rocky Mountain states now have Democratic governors, and while sportsmen may favor more defense spending and fewer federal bureaucrats, the last thing they want to encounter when they're fly-fishing and deer-stalking is an oil derrick or a strip mine.

SEASON of Spoils does not pretend to be a dispassionate review of Reagan's environmental record; it was underwritten by six major environmental groups that have been highly critical of the President. Still, it is a timely and highly persuasive account of the Administration's indifference—if not hostility—to this bipartisan consensus on environmental issues. The book is refreshingly free of polemical excess; where the Reagan Administration has accomplished something worthwhile—as it has with the sprucing up of several national parks—the authors concede as much. They have also augmented their brief against Reagan with revealing on-the-scene reporting. Especially memorable are the accounts of the plight of fifty Arizona families living atop an abandoned asbestos dump, and of Dallas children suffering from lead poisoning. This is not to say that the book is wholly satisfying. Acid rain—surely one of the most important environmental controversies of recent years—is mentioned only in passing. Occasionally a poor example undermines an otherwise valid point; Watt's desire to let snowmobilers use portions of Mt. Lassen National Park in the dead of winter hardly reflects irresponsible stewardship of the public lands. And the book's final chapter, which details the dubious

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economics of nuclear power, is convincing but somewhat peripheral.

But these are largely quibbles. Though there may be more thorough accounts of Reagan's environmental policies, there are none as readable or as forceful. The book is particularly useful in detailing exactly how this Administration has pursued its self-styled "revolution" in environmental policy. The picture is a richer, more complex one than any to date. It shows that while the Reagan Administration has often seemed singularly inept at getting what it supposedly wanted (especially in the case of Watt), at other times it has pursued its goals with surprising sophistication.

For example, the book demonstrates the rather small role that outright "deregulation" has played in Reagan's environmental actions. The E.P.A. was a major target of deregulatory zealots; David Stockman called it a "regulatory time bomb" and urged a "unilateral effort to defer, revise, or rescind existing and pending regulations." Yet Reagan has not formally proposed the comprehensive revision of any of the nine major environmental statutes administered by the E.P.A. One of the Administration's most direct deregulation efforts—an attempt to water down and perhaps rescind rules calling for a reduction in the lead content of gasoline—backfired embarrassingly; it was revealed that in December 1981 Gorsuch assured a New Mexico refinery that she would look the other way if it violated existing E.P.A. standards.

Most deregulation stratagems have been more subtle. For example, as a result of the little-noticed Executive Order 12291, under the auspices of the Paperwork Reduction Act, the Office of Management and Budget now subjects all proposed E.P.A. regulations to "cost-benefit" analyses. Given the Administration's sympathy to industry and the informal nature of the process (no record is kept of the proceedings or of contact with lobbyists), the result has been *de facto* deregulation in several areas. Thus, the Clean Air Act of 1977 mandated air pollution standards for a wide variety of industries, and by January 1981, thirty-seven standards had been adopted while sixty-one more were in the pipeline. Eighteen months later, only one standard had been adopted while the rest were still under "review."

Another ploy has been the use of legal loopholes provided by Congress. Watt's initiative to allow mineral leasing

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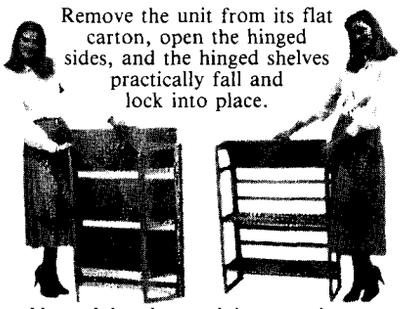

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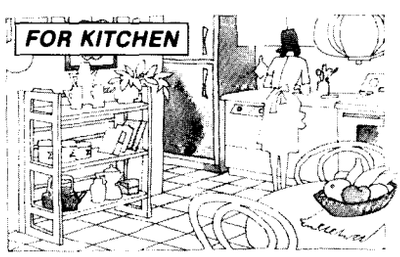

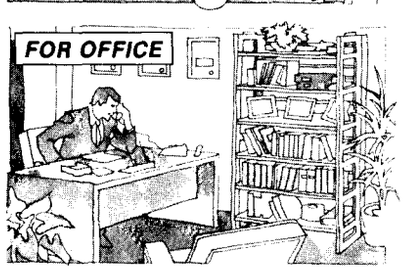

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and exploration in wilderness areas was extremely controversial, but it was not illegal. In a 1964 law that no previous Administration had dared invoke, Congress expressly gave the Interior Secretary this authority. Another loophole permits the E.P.A. to allow "emergency use" of restricted pesticides. In 1980, 244 such emergency petitions were granted; during Reagan's first year, the number nearly tripled as the Administration approved uses for such toxic chemicals as D.B.C.P., a known carcinogen that also causes sterility in men.

A THIRD ploy has been the preemptive strike. In 1976 Congress directed the U.S. Forest Service to assess 62 million acres of roadless lands for their wilderness potential. To help ensure that land coveted by the timber industry doesn't qualify, the Administration has dramatically increased logging road construction in these areas—despite declining demand for federal timber. Similarly, Watt rushed to issue oil and gas leases for several potential wilderness areas under his jurisdiction; these cases are now tied up in court.

But the most common strategy has been that time-tested resort of the reluctant bureaucrat: simple foot-dragging. Under Gorsuch, polluters were given a clear signal that the watchdog was none too diligent, if not asleep on the job. The E.P.A.'s regional offices referred 313 cases to Washington for enforcement action in 1980; in 1981 the number plummeted to 59. Hazardous waste violations referred to the Justice Department dropped from 43 cases to 7. And while Ruckelshaus has recently been hailed for his lead regulations and for restricting the use of EDB (a carcinogen used as an additive in gasoline and for crop fumigation), this book shows how these actions look responsible only in the context of earlier Administration efforts. The E.P.A., in December 1980, decided to eliminate EDB use on crops by July 1983; John Todhunter, assistant administrator for pesticides and toxic substances, almost single-handedly staved off the phaseout for nearly two years. As for lead, the E.P.A. first called for reductions in 1973; at one point Reagan's O.M.B. actually tried to *increase* allowable levels despite growing evidence linking lead to learning disabilities in millions of children.

Perhaps the best illustration of this Administration's *modus operandi* was its handling of the Superfund program for identifying and cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. In 1980 Congress appropriated $1.5 billion for this task, most of it to come from a special assessment on the chemical industry. Burford and Rita Lavelle, director of the program, systematically tried to minimize the number of sites identified for cleanup and tried to spend as little money as possible. Congressional testimony by E.P.A. officials last year revealed that the motive was not solicitude for beleaguered taxpayers. Rather, E.P.A. hoped to convince Congress there was no need for a "Son of Superfund" program, and hence no need for additional assessments on industry—despite widespread evidence that the $1.5 billion was woefully inadequate.

The book's best chapter, particularly for those who appreciate how the play of personality and bureaucratic dynamics can affect government policies, is entitled "The Education of Anne Gorsuch." Most of us can probably recall only a few snatches of the E.P.A. scandal 18 months ago: Lavelle lunching with hazardous waste dumpers, the White House earning a contempt of Congress citation for refusing to turn over agency documents. This account makes clear that the real story of Reagan's assault on the E.P.A.—which reporters could have gotten two years earlier, had they looked hard enough—was the attempted strangulation of the agency's ability to enforce existing laws.

REAGAN'S lieutenants, led by David Stockman, quickly realized that Congress would not agree to repeal or even to dilute key environmental statutes. Accordingly, they went about slashing the E.P.A.'s budget. Soon after taking office, Gorsuch reduced the E.P.A.'s budget to $975 million, from $1.35 billion during Carter's last year. That failed to satisfy Stockman. Gorsuch dutifully made additional cuts. Stockman then demanded yet another round of budget cuts. Adverse publicity (aided by leaks from Gorsuch's office) finally forced the President to back off. Had Stockman gotten his way, by 1983 the E.P.A.'s operating budget would have been slashed by two-thirds (adjusted for inflation). As it was, the budget still suffered a 40 percent real cut.

It is Stockman and his O.M.B. colleagues who come across as the real villains in this tale, as well they should. In fact, one ends up a wee bit sympathetic to Gorsuch, the infamous "Ice Queen" parodied in Doonesbury. In a bald display of "Don't-worry-honey-we'll-handle-the-tough-stuff" sexism, Reagan didn't allow her to choose her subordinates. They were not a distinguished lot. Rita Lavelle wrote notes on sheets inscribed "I'd rather be playing tennis" that included such musings as "Change (public) perception of Love Canal from dangerous to benign." (Gorsuch "disdained" Lavelle as a lightweight and unsuccessfully tried to block her appointment, the authors note.) Peter Broccoletti, a top attorney in the enforcement division, previously worked as a "strength consultant" for the Denver Broncos football team. Todhunter, in charge of regulating toxic chemicals, made his sympathies clear when he told an industry group that pesticides should be re-christened "crop protection chemicals." Gorsuch's deputy, John Hernandez, had a habit of "grading" technical reports submitted by E.P.A. staff as if he were a professor; he bragged about not being "strong on reading rules" proposed by his own agency, but nonetheless hoped that his efforts would earn him a badge of respectability—admission to the National Academy of Sciences. Gorsuch seems to have been undone as much by the heavy-handedness and bumbling of those around her as by her own blunders.

THE BOOK'S second half focuses on the Administration's stewardship of the public lands; unfortunately much of the material is familiar and fails to shed much light on the internal workings of the Interior Department. Still, the tale is worth recounting. Watt is the main villain here, thanks to his aborted efforts to auction off millions of acres of the public domain to oil, gas, and mineral interests, and to his moratorium on the purchase of additional land for national parks despite an exponential growth in their use. (Since 1950, the number of visitors just to the National Parks has increased tenfold.) The authors also describe the Administration's efforts to sell timber (through John Crowell's U.S. Forest Service) and coal at "fire-sale prices." It was in reference to a special commission established to investigate the undervaluation of coal leases in Wyoming's Powder River Basin—a G.A.O. report put the government's loss at $100 million—that Watt made his fatal remark, characterizing its membership as "a black . . . a

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woman, two Jews, and a cripple."

The tragicomedy at the E.P.A., the audacious behavior of Watt, the offhand remarks of Reagan himself about trees causing air pollution—these are not the marks of savvy politicians, but of true believers. Discussing the E.P.A. controversy, the authors make this apt observation about Reagan:

> The environmental issue was perplexing to the White House. They were used to dismissing environmentalists as extremists, people not really committed to the basic goals of the nation. Norman Livermore, the top environmental official in Reagan's Administration while he was governor of California, observed that after leaving the governorship Reagan "really hasn't had any environmental advisors . . . so things are left up to [archconservative Colorado brewer Joseph] Coors and people like that, who feel they've been strictured by environmental laws and regulations. The only environmental problem the White House cared about was over-regulation, and the only people whose counsel they had sought were those who felt they were 'over-regulated.' "

THE GORSUCH episode reveals that this obliviousness to political reality still runs deep. Yet the appointments of Clark and Ruckelshaus, and their subsequent low-key postures, also reveals that this Administration has learned something. Reagan no longer baits "environmental extremists"; in the slick minute commercial preceding his renomination, he spoke about his "love of the land" and our natural heritage. Environmentalists obviously should be gratified in having forced the Administration to beat a partial retreat. While they've won numerous battles, however, they may be losing the war.

The war is the 1984 election. Environmentalists rightly fear a Reagan victory; armed with a new mandate and anxious to avoid past mistakes, a second-term Administration may accomplish the goals Watt and Gorsuch only dreamed of. And at the moment, Reagan seems likely to escape largely unscathed for his initiatives.

There are several reasons for this. One is that the average citizen can't easily grasp the damage done. It's difficult to perceive how negligent the Administration has been in letting toxic waste dumping be so haphazardly regulated. Likewise, the rash of noncompliance among air and water polluters isn't noticeable on a daily basis. The additional cancers that will result from continued

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use of such toxic chemicals as formaldehyde will not show up for perhaps twenty to thirty years, and even then their origin will be extremely difficult to trace. Add to this Reagan's fabled geniality, and the press's preference for "scandal" over the thorough examination of how government policies are really working, and it's easy to understand the frustration of his environmental critics.

Still, the bad fortune of the environmentalists is also attributable to a trap of their own making. For understandable reasons, they have tried to prevent policies and regulations they consider obnoxious and harmful from being implemented. To do so, they've often gone to federal judges, asking them, in effect, to determine environmental policies by interpreting the often ambiguous language in environmental statutes. Environmentalists have also excoriated the Administration for rejecting the advice given by toxicologists, wildlife biologists, and other experts. At several points in *Season of Spoils*, for example, the authors criticize the "overruling of professionals . . . by political appointees" and the "hit list" used to punish or remove E.P.A. employees identified as not sufficiently sympathetic with the new Administration's viewpoint.

THE assumption underlying these actions and criticisms is that environmental policies should somehow be insulated from the "taint" of politics. Indeed, shortly after the E.P.A. scandal unfolded, some environmentalists urged that the E.P.A. be converted into an "independent agency" like the Federal Trade Commission or the Interstate Commerce Commission. What this approach fails to recognize is that most key policy questions, including environmental ones, ultimately require subjective judgments. Should the nation regulate chemicals by assuming that no safe threshold exists for a carcinogen? Or should we assume a threshold exists and merely provide for a "margin of safety"? Liberals tend to the former judgment, conservatives to the latter. Both sides have a stable of scientists to endorse their respective positions. I think the latter approach, preferred by Reagan, is wrong; the probable result is more Americans suffering and dying from exposure to toxic chemicals. Likewise with Watt's desire to vastly expand energy and mineral exploration; the need is often illusory, and hardly justifies the despoiling of those few wilderness areas (less than 5 percent of all federal land) which remain. Still, Reagan has the right to make these judgments. He should be able to propose regulations that reflect them; just as important, he should be able to appoint people eager to implement them. (Given Reagan's legacy, one hopes the next Democratic President will also have a "hit list.") Reagan was elected President by a majority of voters, and when it comes to interpreting Congress's often vague instructions ("protect the public safety"), it should be he, and not unelected government officials or judges, who is responsible. Environmentalists cannot have it both ways. They cannot claim that in some cases—nuclear power, for example—scientific experts should be overruled because the public should decide "acceptable risk," and then say just the opposite with regard to toxic chemicals.

This is not to say that environmentalists should have stood idly by as Watt and Gorsuch conspired to eviscerate environmental protections. On the contary, they should have done exactly what they did: held news conferences, leaked damaging information to the press, mailed millions of fund-raising appeals to citizens, instigated Congressional investigations. They erred in going one step further—suggesting that the Reagan minions proposing these policies were somehow unfit for office. Watt and Gorsuch may have been irresponsible, reckless, and told tasteless jokes. But they were not supposed to be impartial judges. They were political appointees, qualified for their jobs because they were good soldiers eager to do Ronald Reagan's bidding.

EVEN Walter Mondale fell into this trap when he criticized Gary Hart for not voting against Watt's confirmation, as if Reagan might have, or should have, selected someone palatable to the Sierra Club. The Senate's power to confirm Presidential appointees under the Constitution was intended to screen obvious misfits and avoid the selection of those with embarrassing or criminal behavior in their pasts, not to force a newly elected President to alter his campaign promises. (Remember, the Constitution was written at a time when the civil service didn't even exist; *all* government employees were expected to be enthusiastic partisans of the Presi-

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dent's program.) Voting against Watt would have been an empty gesture, and more important, a misleading one. The logic implies—and much of the public has now so concluded—that the appointment of more conciliatory people like Ruckelshaus and Clark is sufficient penance for the sins of the past.

Perverse as it may sound, I almost wish that Watt were still Interior Secretary, periodically spouting off about how Indian reservations demonstrate socialism's failures and making small-minded, bigoted jokes. I almost wish Gorsuch were still at the E.P.A., her efforts to dismantle pollution laws periodically causing public outrage. This is not because dedicated professionals in these agencies should be forced to suffer, or because a little environmental devastation would be good for us, but because this is how politics should work. Let an elected President and his appointees interpret the law. If that interpretation is wildly at variance with the desires of the public, then opponents can use that record (and not just a series of thwarted initiatives) to inflame public passions and convince voters that these policies should affect how they vote.

Many environmentalists succumbed to the understandable desire for immediate relief; 1984 seemed too distant. The result? The environment is cleaner now than it might otherwise be had Reagan always gotten his way. The public safety is better protected (at least temporarily) under Clark and Ruckelshaus. But the price is the greater likelihood of a second Reagan Administration, one in which the President will no longer have to feign admiration for John Muir and will once again take his counsel from the Joseph Coorses of the world. Those who read *Season of Spoils* should reflect on what has happened. The Administration's critics have ended up with the heads of Gorsuch and Watt on a platter—while a far more dangerous prey seems to be slipping away.

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Now he has produced another major work, a trilogy, the third part of which is the volume under review. The first thing to be made clear is that the English title of the trilogy contains a very serious error: *Civilisation Matérielle, Economie et Capitalisme* has become *Civilization and Capitalism*. In fact the work has nothing whatever to say about civilization—nothing about state-building or war, religion or law, ideas or philosophy, drama or literature, art or architecture. As the original title stated, Braudel is exclusively concerned with the material world.

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This third volume, which tackles change over time, has all the characteristics of Braudel's earlier work. The scope is gigantic, both in space and time, and it is full of recondite information. It is heavily influenced by traditional French concepts of historical geography as an important, if not determinant, force. It is obsessed with long-term trends, which gives it a strong teleological bias: things had to happen the way they did. Its theme is brutally materialistic, verging on (but never quite falling into) economic determinism. There are no ideas in Braudel's world. There is not a line, for example, on the possible influence of religion or the Puritan ethic on the rise of capitalism. But then there are no human actors either. They are replaced by reified entities. In volume one, the actors are objects like cereals, diseases, clothes, or money: "wheat is a complicated person." In volume three, the actors are cities or states. Thus, although we know that the Revolt of the Netherlands was the work of a tiny minority of religious fanatics, we get a sentence like: "the Netherlands had no intention of being integrated into Philip II's Spanish Empire."

BRAUDEL loves to quantify, to demonstrate everything conceivable and inconceivable by a graph or diagram, however suspect the evidence on which the numbers are based. Thus he offers such doubtful data as the comparative budgets of European states and city-states in 1423; the relative percentage of total products in various sectors engaged in the money economy (no time or place mentioned); the French national income from 1500 to 1750; and birth and death rates in England "based on estimates we will assume to be valid." One or two graphs are simply not believable, like that purporting to show real interest rates in Genoa in the seventeenth century falling to 1 percent by 1620 and staying there. (There are many other graphs, of course, which are soundly based and often useful.) Moreover, since Braudel's main interest lies in the rise of long-distance trade and banking, the chapter on the Industrial Revolution in England adds nothing whatever to the current understanding of this climax of early modern capitalism.

THE presentation itself also creates difficulties for the reader. In the first ninety pages Braudel puts forward a tripartite model of economic space consisting of a core, a semi-periphery, and a periphery—a model taken from the largely discredited work of his American epigone, Immanuel Wallerstein. (Rondo Cameron has rightly observed that "Wallerstein's imaginary world-system is a vast historical fiction.") There follows a tedious account of Wallerstein's difficult concept of a "world-economy" as opposed to a world economy. So far as one can puzzle it out, a world-economy is best described as follows: In early modern and modern times, "the primacy of economics became more and more overwhelming," dominating other factors such as political power or cultural cohesion or social structure. This allows Braudel to claim that "what Charles V . . . failed to do, Antwerp . . . achieved effortlessly"—that is, "control of the whole of Europe and of those areas of the world dependent on the old continent."

This is a peculiarly gross example of comparing apples and oranges; Charles V sought political and religious unity, while Antwerp sought trade. A world-economy "only concerns a fragment of the world, an economically autonomous section of the planet able to provide for much of its own needs, a section to which its internal links and exchanges give a certain organic unity." It is thus a region of economic exploitation, changes within which are governed by three "rules." First, "the boundaries change only slowly," since they are mostly geographic barriers such as vast oceans, deserts or mountain ranges. Second, "a dominant capitalist city always lies at the center," with satellite towns around it, but "cities take it in turn to lead." (No explanation offered.) Third, "there is always a hierarchy of zones within a world-econ-

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omy," with a city at the core, a middle zone of local and regional markets, and an outer zone characterized by a non-market economy, no towns and great poverty. All this, of course, sounds very much like the familiar division of the world into developed, underdeveloped, and undeveloped areas, but dressed up in fancy language and used to study particular commercial empires.

FINALLY, Braudel offers a tripartite model of economic time, divided into recurrent cycles of rise, crisis, and decline, based on the now largely abandoned Kondratieff cycles of long-term price fluctuations. At the end of all this, it is hardly surprising that he remarks, sadly, that "it is also quite possible that future historical studies will simply ignore the problems I am trying to formulate." I think that that is more than likely.

Nor is the reader helped by Braudel's persistent habit of teasing him with unanswered questions, a tactic which allows him to insinuate without commitment. "Was not the European balance of power . . . a sort of political response by the world-economy?" "Was Genoa not doomed to eat or be eaten?" "Was it the desire to avoid trouble that led Dutch captains to sail directly to the East Indies?" Some sentences are obscure to the point of meaninglessness. Some are grandiloquent: "My view is that the secular vibration, inexplicable without this huge but finite surface of the world-economy, opens, closes and opens once again the gates of the complex flow of the conjuncture." Some are absurd: "Any reinforced form of dominion secretes capitalism." Some are incapable of interpretation: by 1500 "France had . . . a G.N.P. possibly the equivalent of 1,600 tons of gold."

If all these criticisms are true, as I believe they are, what is left? The answer is, a most fascinating account of how economic hegemony passed, during the three centuries from 1450 to 1750, from Venice to Lisbon to Antwerp to Genoa to Amsterdam and finally to London. The story of the rise and fall of Amsterdam, which takes up one hundred pages, has never been better told. His eye, as always, exclusively on long-distance trade, Braudel sees the growth of capitalism beginning in the eleventh to thirteenth centuries, when money and agricultural surpluses made the first world-economies possible in Italy and the Netherlands. He cites the 153,000

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letters accumulated in the archives of the fourteenth-century Italian merchant Francisco di Marco Datini of Prato near Florence, though he never stops to consider what this tells us about the importance of literacy for the rise of the economic system he is studying.

The first of his world-economies is Venice, which achieved commercial hegemony over Germany and the Near East. But the reasons *why* hegemony shifted in the puzzling way it did, from Venice to city after city, remain unexplained. Many books and articles have been written about the decline of Venice, adducing such factors as Dutch and English competition in cloth and shipping, the shift of European trade from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, the diversion of Venetian energy and capital to the hinterland, the rise of Turkish power, the spread of piracy, and so on. All Braudel has to offer is a list of a few of these factors, and a rather obscure suggestion that it was "the very perfection and convenience of this organization, the capitalist self-sufficiency of Venice, which explains the limited nature of Venetian enterprise."

The truth is that Braudel's strength lies in his descriptive powers rather than in his causal analysis, despite the parade of abstract models with which he begins. In his descriptive sections the writing is mostly crisp and vivid, the illustrations and the graphs are to the point, and the facts of the story are convincing. The only flaw is Braudel's determination, in his passion for orderly model-building, to label seventeenth-century Amsterdam the last of the cities and eighteenth-century England the first of the nation-states. Never mind his own demonstration that the former depended economically and financially on the hinterland of the United Provinces and that the economy of the latter was dominated by London. Holland was to Amsterdam what England was to London. One of the reasons Braudel advances for the success of Amsterdam is the Dutch policy of taxing the poor and exempting the rich, so that they could use their money to invest and lend to the state—an observation which, if true, will bring comfort to President Reagan.

There are very many serious defects in this work, which reviewers have been mostly reluctant to point out because of Braudel's unquestioned eminence. But it does make an important new contribution to our understanding of the serial capture by city after city of commercial capitalist hegemony in the early modern world.

LAWRENCE STONE

Lawrence Stone is Dodge Professor of History at Princeton University. His most recent book, *An Open Elite: England 1540-1880*, written with Jeanne C. Fawtier Stone, has just been published by Oxford University Press.

SAINT MARGARET

Margaret Mead: A Life
by Jane Howard

(Simon and Schuster, 527 pp., $19.95)

With A Daughter's Eye: A Memoir of Margaret Mead and Gregory Bateson
by Mary Catherine Bateson

(Morrow, 256 pp., $15.95)

By the end of her life Margaret Mead wasn't merely America's most famous anthropologist; for many, and perhaps most of all for herself, she had come to symbolize anthropology. Virtually every moment of her life was spent in observing herself and others, in questioning, discerning, conversing, teaching. Clothed as an outsider in her own country, clad in a red cape and carrying a forked stick, she became the interpreter, healer, and prophet that she had once been for South Seas native cultures. She spoke to us about us as she had spoken to us about them, both descriptively and didactically. It was not enough simply to be ourselves; we must learn to understand, and wherever possible to improve, the patterns of our own lives and civilization.

HOW Mead was able to attain such extraordinary status has been the subject of much recent inquiry—first her own *Blackberry Winter*, which described her education, fieldwork, and three marriages; then the apologetic discussion that followed the publication of Derek Freeman's critical *Margaret Mead and Samoa;* and now her daughter's memoir and Jane Howard's detailed biography. Howard, an experienced reporter, provides a discerning documentary, full of specific information only alluded to in, or else omitted from, other accounts: she keeps at a distance from her subject, rather as in a fast moving film, without trying to re-create Mead's thoughts or indeed the process of the work that occupied most of Mead's waking life. Bateson, understandably, gets us closer to both her parents, but only for brief moments (Mead chose presents thoughtfully, found tampons liberating), as in family photographs separated widely in place and time; she knew her parents well, both as people and as scholars, though only at intervals. Since neither of these books says much about anthropology, or goes into detail about Mead's methodology in the field. Once again the woman, not her work, takes center stage.

Perhaps Mead's most enduring legacy was herself. Although she and other prominent liberals spoke in favor of women's rights and other social causes, Mead was one of the very few who practiced what she preached. In her behavior she predicted what was to become common and even acceptable conduct in her daughter's generation. She was married three times; she broke up with her first two husbands in order to marry their successors; during the course of her first marriage she was emotionally involved with Ruth Benedict and Edward Sapir; she supported herself by her earnings as curator and lecturer; she breast-fed her baby on demand (despite the vogue for scheduled bottle-feeding); she traveled widely—all this before people spoke openly about bisexuality, or committed serial polygamy, or took nursing babies to dinner parties.

What enabled her to do all this—as Howard's book suggests—was a quality most women lack: boundless

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self-confidence. Mead rarely looked back, and rarely blamed herself when things went wrong. Not only did she have faith in herself, but she believed that one could, with energy and understanding, change and improve the world around her. At the same time, she had virtually a poet's power to convince others of the reality of her visions, not only of other cultures but of our own. She thought of herself as a scientist, but it was more as a novelist—that traditional female role—that she reached beyond family and colleagues to the general public.

Her writing was exciting, and still is, because it is at once personal and comprehensive. She explains how she felt when confronted with the strangeness of a foreign society, but at the same time proceeds fearlessly to say what we can learn from the disquieting differences. If she mentions the past, it is often to remind us how we have managed to progress over the years to some new level of understanding: "we know a great deal that we did not know then of how the swaddling of infants fits into the way Russian children first experience life and the way Russian parents later look upon children," she wrote in the preface to the 1975 edition of *Growing Up in New Guinea*, first published in 1930, implying that this "knowledge" not only helped citizens in the Soviet Union to be more responsible than their rebellious American counterparts, but would also further "understanding of relationships among different nation states." She believed that anthropological studies, no matter how small the sample or how dated the material in them, would become the first course of stones in a pyramid that would lead to the improvement of all cultures—in short, to a Better World.

Such wishful thinking has had an almost irresistible appeal to intelligent American audiences, who long to make some sense out of the disorganized components of their education, and who have always been convinced that in their own society cultural differences can be tolerated, if not completely eliminated. And, of course, Mead put the imprimatur of her own authority and the force of her considerable will behind each statement. But the swaddling-clothes theory has long been discredited. And where is the evidence that cultural understanding can bring about progress of any kind, not to mention world peace?

DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Even in her own life, however consciously she sought to influence the environment in which she lived and worked, Mead could not always employ anthropology to bring about practical solutions. She most egregiously failed to demonstrate how two-career marriages could work, especially if the woman is more successful.

Nor did she contrive to make her death symbolize what she stood for in life. Mead was unable to admit even to her own daughter that she was dying of cancer, although she had witnessed deaths that were not mitigated or postponed artificially by medicine, and had brought her daughter to see the dead body of her friend and mentor Ruth Benedict, so that she could see what most American middle-class children in 1948 were shielded from. In the past she had made dramatic use of discomfiture (the forked stick helped compensate for an ankle injured in New Guinea and broken years later in Chicago), but here, at the moment of greatest challenge, when, like the philosopher-poet-prophet Empedocles, she might have jumped into a volcano, inspiration failed her.

It is this failure to apply her doctrine of understanding to herself that makes both Bateson's and Howard's books depressing reading. Mead always suggested that others see psychiatrists but refused to see one herself, on the grounds that the top 10 percent of the top 10 percent did not need such help. Although she had many friends and a large extended family, and never lost touch with her ex-husbands, she seems to have shown the people she knew only what she wanted them to see. She could be direct and intimate, but only, it seems, in spurts, lasting at most a few years, before some sort of punctuation, either in space or time, became necessary.

By concentrating on Mead's personal life, as if that could be separated from her intellectual life, both books fail to show why she was so successful and why, in the long run, some of her findings may be proved wrong, some of her methods need to be questioned, and some of her assumptions to be revised. Neither author compares her field methodology to anyone else's, though Howard is careful to call attention to narrative discrepancies and Mead's discomfort with learning languages, questioning by implication Mead's claim

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that she spoke "polished Samoan" by the time she completed her famous study. Because both books deal primarily with personalities, they tend to react with anger to the tone of Derek Freeman's allegations about Mead's work in Samoa, rather than to concentrate on the substance of his findings. Should Freeman (or any other critic) really be regarded as an enemy? When one scholar criticizes another's work, he implicates him or her in his criticism; this happens not because scholars are more malicious than other people, but because discoveries are made by intuition as well as by hard work, and so the product cannot easily be separated from the temperament or background of its producer. Thus inevitably Mead, because she was a woman working with girls, failed to understand some of the surrounding values of the world of Samoan men (just as Freeman himself, in his criticism of Mead, may not have taken sufficient account of the women). But what of Freeman's questions about the short duration of Mead's investigation (six months), her relative lack of training (she was a graduate student who had never done fieldwork on her own), the small size of the sample she studied, or the nagging question of fluency in languages?

The "truth," however relative and unpleasant, may be that Mead will be remembered not so much as a scientist, but as a brilliant and sophisticated writer of travelogues. She described not only lost and remote cultures that have now disappeared into the modern world, but the times in which she lived and in which we still live, and which her explorations, with all their now obvious limitations, may help us, even imperfectly to understand.

MARY LEFKOWITZ

Mary Lefkowitz, Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities at Wellesley, is author of *Heroines and Hysterics* (St. Martins) and co-editor of *Women's Life in Greece and Rome* (Johns Hopkins).

THE HUMAN FACTOR

British Intelligence in the Second World War: Its Influence on Strategy and Operations, Volume 3, Part 1 by F. H. Hinsley, with E. E. Ransom and R. C. Knight

(Cambridge, 693 pp., $39.50)

Intelligence is a frustrating business. Its impact on policy in war and peace is doubtful. The information is usually contradictory; everyone pays lip service to the vital significance of intelligence, but in actual fact most ignore it, preferring their intuition; very often essential information is lacking, and even if it exists it is disregarded. The debate on intelligence continues in the United States and elsewhere. It is at the core of the conduct of American foreign policy. And the size and the emphasis of the defense budget largely depend on intelligence assessments. Can they be trusted?

The publication of the third volume of *British Intelligence in the Second World War* is a major contribution to this debate. How important is intelligence? And why is it so often mistaken? This volume covers the period between mid-1943 and D day—the invasion of Continental Europe. Like the previous two volumes, this book is deliberately dry as dust, and the twenty-seven appendices are of interest only to the technical expert. But as the result of the publication of this series, many aspects of the war's history have to be reconsidered, and new light is shed on the basic problems confronting intelligence today. While the specific events covered in this book are unique and will not recur—the Allied invasion of Italy, Tito's struggle in Yugoslavia, the German development of secret weapons—the problems underlying the collection, evaluation, and above all the use of intelligence, have not changed, and are unlikely to change in the foreseeable future.

The previous volumes rightly attracted much praise, but also some blame for their totally impersonal character. They are not interested in the exploits of individuals. They deal instead with armies, divisions, and regiments, whether they advanced or retreated; faceless committees, whether they met and what (if any) decisions they adopted. The authors firmly stick to their course of action in this new volume: "We must admit to a feeling for the appropriateness of Flaubert's recipe for the perfect realistic novel: *'pas de monstres, et pas de heros.'* " Now a prescription of this kind is excellent when applied to the private life of Emma Bovary; it is of doubtful value, however, for realistic novels dealing with affairs of state (such as Balzac's, for instance). In real life there happen to be monsters and heroes, and fools and geniuses, and lucky and unlucky people.

No doubt the elimination of the human element makes an orderly presentation of the sequence of events much easier. But it is bound to omit much of relevance, and it does not, in the final analysis, attempt to answer the question of whether the various branches of intelligence were good or bad, effective or ineffective. The "impersonal approach" also makes it unnecessary to address some awkward questions such as the effect of the penetration of British intelligence during the war by Soviet agents. How much did Stalin know about ULTRA during the war, and to what extent was Soviet policy affected by these leaks? It could well be that Philby, Burgess, and the others were of less consequence than is commonly thought. Clearly it is impossible to shirk such a question.

World War II was, as is generally known by now, a SIGINT (Signal Intelligence) war. The Allies had broken many German codes, and as a result they frequently had advance warning which proved to be of great importance—especially in the war at sea, in the battle of the Atlantic. (Signal intelligence contributed to the victory at Midway, too.) Why, then, did they not win the war much earlier? Partly out of incompetence; partly because vital intelligence arrived too late, or not at all, or was misinterpreted. Sometimes the customers of intelligence were unwilling to accept the information, however unambiguous. Thus it emerges from the present volume that reliable reports from Germany said that the effects of the massive aerial bombings were limited, that they had no decisive influence on either morale or industrial production.

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But this did not prevent the head of British bomber command from writing Churchill: "We can destroy Berlin if U.S.A.F. comes in. It will cost us 400-500 aircraft. It will cost Germany the war. . . ." Nor was breaking codes a one-way street. The Germans also had successes in intercepting and reading some of the signals exchanged between the Allies. In view of the crucial importance of ULTRA only very few people were initiated ("indoctrinated"). The British Foreign Office, for instance, did not know for years about the true state of affairs inside Yugoslavia as it emerged from ULTRA. Nor is it clear, moreover, that British policy would have been radically different had they known more. It would have merely caused confusion on a higher level. For what emerged was that Mikhailovic was collaborating more closely with the Italians (and the Croats) than suspected, and that he wasn't doing much fighting against the Germans. On the other hand, there was reason to assume that he intended to double cross the Italians. The Germans watched these dealings with great misgivings, and the price they put on his head was as high as that for Tito's scalp—100,000 gold marks.

Aficionados of HUMINT (Human Intelligence) will be deeply disappointed, then, by this volume. As the chiefs of staff said: "Signal intelligence was our most important source of intelligence during the war," though with the preparation of the Allied landings—in Sicily, mainland Italy, and France, photo intelligence became of growing significance. Human assets (that is, espionage) no longer seemed to play a role of any importance.

Still, when the problem of Germany's secret weapons became acute, there was not much that signal intelligence could contribute. True, there were some detailed photographs of Peenemuende, the installation on the shore of the Baltic Sea where the center of these projects was believed to be. They showed every hut in the sleeping quarters and every steam pipe. But the puzzled service chiefs in London still had no idea what the Germans were up to. Were they working on some super-heavy gun, or a missile of sorts, or rocket projectors, or a glider bomb, or a pilotless aircraft? Bits of information began to arrive. Someone (apparently a neutral) had overheard an interesting conversation on rockets in a Berlin restaurant; two German generals who had been taken prisoner in North Africa were heard conversing about the secret weapons; a letter was intercepted by Allied censors; foreign workers from Luxembourg passed on some details, the Japanese ambassador in Berlin had obtained some information, the Polish underground sent a courier with fragments of a missile which had crashed. These various bits and pieces were put together, and they confirmed the "Oslo report"—one of the few remaining major secrets of the war. (In November 1939 an unknown but highly informed German source had delivered a detailed list of new weapons on which the Germans were working to the home of the British military attaché in Norway.)

AT FIRST the information was not taken too seriously in London. Even if new weapons were being developed in Peenemuende, it was thought, there was no reason to assume that the Germans had overcome the technical difficulties or that the weapons were in any way near to being operational. British intelligence had underrated German military preparations prior to 1939. It had not been aware of the "beam" which guided German bombers in their attacks on targets in the British Isles in 1940-41. New types of planes, such as the FW 190, which combined high performance and heavy armor and armament, came as a surprise, until one actually force-landed in Wales. There was a constant pattern in these misjudgments, largely rooted in "mirror imaging." It was assumed that since Britain (or America) had not succeeded in solving problems such as the perfection of guidance weapons or the use of liquid fuel rather than solid fuel for propelling the rockets, neither had the Germans. And the implications were far reaching, for without a liquid fuel there was no way to operate long-range rockets.

This syndrome, known in the scientific community as N.I.H. (not invented here), continued to plague British intelligence even after it had been established beyond any shadow of doubt that the Germans had indeed produced many hundreds of long-range rockets, and after an angry Churchill had exclaimed that "we have been caught napping." Some British scientists assumed that the rockets would have to be launched from a large launching apparatus. They were looking in vain for a prominent projector or special platforms of considerable size. It was accepted only very late in the day that the rockets could be launched from small concrete platforms of simple construction. It is easy to see in retrospect where British intelligence went wrong and why. Perhaps the most influential of

THE BAND

Two, sometimes three come without being called.
Strictly breathing, down cool passageways
Where the hangings are (in silk cord,
Fable of the boar hunt), I go toward them.
Each one assumes a foregone expression.

(To have known the struggle'd turn literal
And still fathomed so deep, so free and dark?
I hadn't stopped to choose. But a cloudy voice
Spoke and reminded me that any face
At pointblank range is a cyclops.)

They send me on, bathed in baptismal sweat
At the photographic daybreak—
Abdication more, I thought, than dismissal.
My nearest chance was to be small, private,
Bold as a child. (Who, fist clinched, keeps his counsel.)

ALFRED CORN

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the doubters was Lord Cherwell (Professor Lindemann), Churchill's friend and scientific adviser. There were good reasons for his disbelief: the evidence was contradictory, and there were enormous gaps and inconsistencies. Still, afterwards the chiefs of staff commented ruefully that Intelligence had been influenced too much by its technical advisers and not sufficiently by the hard evidence from the enemy camp.

Hitler's secret weapons came too late to have any significant effect on the war, but only, as the authors say, by a narrow margin. Lindemann and the other establishment scientists had not been altogether wrong: there had been considerable delays in overcoming technical problems. Their basic mistake had been the failure to understand that they were facing a problem that was essentially novel. What if the Germans had given higher priority to their secret weapons, or if they had checked the Allies on the Normandy beaches? The authors rightly say that attempting to answer such questions serves no purpose. If there is a lesson in this grim and fascinating story, it is the crucial importance of human judgment, the readiness to consider all kinds of possibilities, however strange they may seem in the light of knowledge and experience.

It is unlikely that American intelligence would have committed a similar mistake, simply because American scientists are usually more reluctant to argue that a technical breakthrough is impossible. American intelligence has tended to concentrate on what it has been traditionally good at—perfecting the technical means of the collection of information, the quantitative aspect of the business. Unfortunately, the truly important issues cannot be quantified. The human factor is no less important today, however advanced our computer technology.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur is chairman of the research council of C.S.I.S., Georgetown University.

BRINGING UP BABY

Good Morning, Merry Sunshine: A Father's Journal of His Child's First Year by Bob Greene

(Atheneum, 307 pp., $14.95)

A baby's needs are few but urgent. Foremost among them is the need for food. "I was hungry," Bob Greene writes:

> I asked Susan when dinner would be ready.
>
> She just stared at me. The baby was crying, and Susan was carrying her around the living room. Her mother had gone back to the hotel to rest.
>
> "How dare you," Susan said.
>
> "All I asked was where my dinner was," I said.
>
> "Where's *your* dinner," Susan said.
>
> This is the first time in our marriage that I haven't eaten as soon as I was hungry. The answer is obvious: I can make my own dinner, or go out. Fact is, though, that I liked getting dinner when I wanted it. It was a nice way to live.

Good Morning, Merry Sunshine is a book about Susan Greene's second baby written by her first. The second baby, whose name is Amanda Sue, is as adorable and fascinating as any newborn. But it's the first baby who commands attention. His life outside the womb is fraught with horrid traumas. In the wrenching scene above, he is too helpless to realize that there is a much more obvious answer to his dilemma. He can make some dinner for Susan, or go out and bring some back. Even Ward Cleaver, that classic marital neonate, would have thought of that.

But Bob's cognitive development is slow, and the reader will frequently wonder whether this unfortunate infant isn't just the teeniest bit retarded. Bob cashes in some accumulated vacation time in order to spend a few intimate days with the subject of his book contract, but then he haunts his office anyway, "just to get out of the house." When Susan's mother arrives to lend a hand, Bob gallantly suggests that he

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move into her hotel room so that she can stay round the clock with Susan and Amanda.

To make matters worse, Susan finds it very difficult to wean Bob from the bottle. On the evening of Amanda's one-week birthday, while Susan tries to calm her colicky daughter's ceaseless crying with heartbreakingly tiny doses of prescription stomach medicine, Bob repairs to a local tavern, where he discusses the miracle of birth with a pair of cruising teenage girls. " 'That must be so beautiful,' one of them said. 'Making love knowing that you're trying to make a baby.' "

PART of Bob's problem, as he relates at tedious length, is that he is a self-obsessed workaholic. "I have been wondering what this is going to do to my ambition," he muses when Amanda is two days old. The answer: not much. With a daily column in the *Chicago Tribune*, a monthly column in *Esquire*, and frequent out-of-town reporting assignments for ABC's "Nightline," he seldom darkens the nursery door. Although he claims to agonize every time journalism takes him away from Amanda Sue, the least hint of an assignment is enough to send him bolting for the airport. "For all my bitching about being on the road," he confesses at one point, "there is something about getting out of town that relaxes me and lets me think and put things in some sort of perspective." When Susan needs him, she summons him with a beeper.

Bob excuses his absenteeism by invoking his craft: "I have always been the guy who will drop anything and go anywhere for a story," he writes. But in his enthusiasm for reporting he loses touch with the story right under his nose, the ostensible topic of his book. Many of his journal entries are simple recountings of things Susan has pointed out to him about their baby. Even when Bob is physically present, he isn't altogether there. One-and-a-half months pass before he notices the small wound on Amanda's head made by the fetal monitor used at her birth. Another month goes by before he realizes that he and Susan eat different things for dinner: while she serves him grown-up food (which he eats alone in a different room), she herself eats "mushed-up fish" so that she'll have a free hand to tend the baby. "My life is so much different from Susan's," Bob marvels. "I average one restaurant meal a day; Susan has not been to a restaurant since Amanda was born. . . . She seems to feel it's all worth it."

When Amanda's old enough to be mobile, one of her favorite games is Finding Daddy. When he isn't on the road, Bob always seems to be in another room, reading magazines, watching television, listening to records, or eating something that Susan has made for him. On one of the rare occasions when he and Amanda are alone together, he gets bored after fifteen minutes, parks her in her carriage in the hallway, and goes off to make some phone calls.

Bob waxes lyrical about "these magical days" and says he gets teary at the sight of Amanda's tiny shoe, but he keeps his distance. If he ever once diapers, dresses, bathes, or feeds his daughter—much less cooks a meal or does a load of laundry—he fails to mention it in his journal. (He does once hold Amanda at mealtime, but she hoists her bottle by herself.) When Susan and Amanda leave the apartment for a stroll, Bob almost invariably stays behind. Given the circumstances, his remoteness is astonishing. Even if he has no interest, as a father, in changing his daughter's diapers, you might think that, as a reporter covering a story, he'd give it a whack just to see what it was like.

BOB'S ignorance doesn't end at diapers. He refers to Snuglis as "those baby-pouches that mothers strap onto themselves," apparently unaware that fathers wear them too. Susan at one point suggests that he strap the thing on himself, but she is only joking. Even so, Bob appropriates the Snugli as his symbol. "All of us out here," he burbles at one point, "all of us fledgling fathers, in some sort of New Order of the Snugli." My own daughter, snoozing against my chest in her Snugli as I write this, is quietly appalled.

The really annoying thing about *Good Morning, Merry Sunshine* is that both Greene and his publisher present it as a manifesto of sensitive fatherhood. In an ecstatic jacket blurb, Erma Bombeck, the mother of us all, nominates Bob for honorary membership in the second oldest profession. Other mothers must agree; the book has been on the best-seller list for several weeks. But Bob Greene's vision of manly child-rearing is quite reactionary. He ducks all the major chores and responsibilities in order to savor his daughter from afar. Although he doesn't spend much time at home, he expects Susan to maintain an unblinking vigil: when she mentions casually that she is planning to leave four-month-old Amanda in the charge of their cleaning lady "for a couple of hours" one day, Bob flies off the handle and demands to know why Susan wants to leave the apartment. "Your parents have been here, my parents have been here, you've been to Columbus," he says. "It's not like you haven't seen other people."

Unwilling to pitch in with the real work of bringing up a child, he wonders whether there isn't something biological that prevents men from picking up crying babies or changing dirty diapers. Once, when Susan says she has noticed that Amanda likes to look at the lights in their building's elevator, he can only shake his head with wonder: "Every day I run into something that challenges the notion that the modern father is automatically as close to his child as the mother."

This is the basest sort of condescension. There's nothing genetic or even cultural that bars Bob from the inner life of his daughter. Women aren't born

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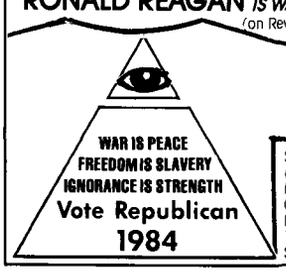

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knowing how to take care of babies; they learn by doing, and men can do the same. Bob stays on the periphery because he likes it there. "All that matters," he concludes one evening after coming home at midnight to find Susan and Amanda asleep, "is that when I come home, this is waiting. It's a notion as old as mankind, and yet on nights like this, it strikes me like the newest and clearest vision on God's earth." As they say in California, gag me with a spoon.

For all his raving about Susan's "instincts," Bob forgets to invite her out for a curtain call. The book is dedicated not to her but to the parents of his favorite baby; the cover is embossed with his and Amanda's (but not with Susan's) initials; the photo on the jacket is of father and daughter only.

Good Morning, Merry Sunshine isn't all infuriating. Greene is an experienced reporter, after all, and he makes some funny and poignant observations. But his book doesn't deliver. Johnny Deadline—as the author has sometimes referred to himself—didn't come back with the story he was sent to cover. He is a disgrace to the New Order of the Snugli.

DAVID OWEN

David Owen is a fellow of the Alicia Patterson Foundation and the father of a two-month-old daughter.

UNDER HITLER'S SPELL

Reflections Of Nazism: An Essay on Kitsch and Death
by Saul Friedländer
translated by Thomas Weyr

(Harper & Row, 141 pp., $13.95)

Since World War II a fascination with the prurient details of Nazism has been a staple of American adolescence. In the "adult" world of pornographic pictures and films, the sadistic possibilities of Nazism have long provided the raw material for a hard-core industry of major proportions. But not until recently has Nazism surfaced into the mainstream of contemporary culture, not just as a subject for middlebrow entertainment but as high art. The phenomenon is not to be confused with Holocaust literature. In Hans Jürgen Syberberg's *Hitler, a Film from Germany*, George Steiner's novel *The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.*, and in films and books by Michel Tournier, Luchino Visconti, Joachim Fest, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, and Albert Speer, the murder of the Jews and others is entirely eclipsed by a fascination with the spectacle of Nazism and, specifically, the personality of Hitler.

This phenomenon is the subject of this tightly argued essay in cultural analysis by Saul Friedländer. He is not up to a vulgar intellectual form of Nazi hunting, nor does he see in recent American and European culture a crypto-fascism waiting in the wings. The phenomenon is more paradoxical. The declared aim of these films and books is to unmask and exorcise the evil of Nazism by probing its sordid corruptions. Yet despite these ideological intentions, Friedländer argues, the aesthetic effects are quite otherwise. The spectacle of Nazism constitutes so lush and compelling a field of images that fascination edges over into absorption. It is in these charged images and associative emotions—"an activity of the imagination that cannot be reduced to the usual distinctions between right and left"—that Friedländer sees the formation of a new "discourse of Nazism." By speaking of discourse as the French speak of it, as the latent message of the language of a work rather than its declared intentions, Friedländer proposes to get beneath politics and ideas to a psychological dimension which constituted the secret of the attraction of Nazism in its own time, and which—this is the point of Friedländer's critique—is the same attraction that can be felt working at the heart of recent books and films about Nazism.

The attraction of Nazism, Friedländer argues, was based on an unprecedented fusion of kitsch and death. Kitsch, which you know when you see it but is notoriously difficult to define, is the effect created by the presence of good taste in the absence of taste, the presence of art in ugliness. In kitsch, art is adapted to the majority's ideals of harmony and order, and extreme situations are neutralized and turned into a sentimental idyll. The seduction of Nazism lay in its applying kitsch to death. In contrast to Marxism, which looked to a future of golden tomorrows, the Nazis' debased romanticism harbored a nostalgia for the pre-modern past, an age in which purity is achieved by fire and the hero remains faithful unto death. Nazi leaders never felt more exalted than when they solemnized the death of their heroes in elaborate funeral spectacles, complete with torches, pyres, and flaming wheels. But the death the Nazis were in love with was not real death but kitsch death, "not death in its everyday horror and tragic banality, but a ritualized, stylized, and aesthetic death, a death that wills itself the carrier of horror, decrepitude, and monstrosity, but which ultimately and definitively appears as a poisonous apotheosis."

The figure of Hitler himself represents the distillation of this phenomenon. On the one hand, Hitler's persona was enveloped in kitsch: a petty bourgeois Everyman, living in domestic serenity with Eva Braun and his dog Blondi, and joking with his comrades-in-arms. On the other hand, he was a man transfixed by the possibilities of mass death and by the spectacle of destruction and apocalyptic conflagration. He appeared as both the sentimental human being and the blind force launched into nothingness. For Friedländer, it is the "coexistence of these two aspects, . . . their simultaneous and alternating presence" that indicates the true source of Hitler's spell.

Friedländer senses the return of this spell today. The ostensible aim of the recent reflections of Nazism in the arts is a kind of exorcism: the belief that the evil will be purged by vividly evoking its full demonic force. Hans Jürgen Syberberg claims that his *Hitler, a Film from Germany*

> is precisely about this Hitler within us. . . . In the name of our future, we have to overcome and conquer him and thereby ourselves, and it is only here can a new identity be found through recognizing and separating, sublimating and working on our tragic past.

Friedländer sees in this enthusiastic confrontation a more dangerous evasion: a neutralization of this past and a concealment, voluntary or not,

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of what in this past has become unbearable. This artistic commitment to total representation involves re-evoking the phenomenon in all its compelling perversion—in a sense, re-experiencing the spell. Once the attraction has been reconstituted, the original ideological impulse makes little difference. What remains active is not the awareness of horror, but the fascination.

The endless and indiscriminate piling up of stunning images in Syberberg's film, for example, is a sign that the filmmaker has himself been engulfed by the phantasm he sought to exorcise. The reader of Steiner's novel experiences a similar unease when the Hitler figure is exploited to do some fancy probing of the cosmic symbiosis between good and evil and given a mischieveous monologue of gripping virtuosity. Although Visconti's film *The Damned* proposes to expose decadence, the gorgeousness of its two big scenes, the SA massacre and the marriage-suicide of Sophie and Freidrich, serve instead to savor the orgiastic paroxysm and ecstatic terror. In each case, Nazism is allowed to become an aesthetic field whose rich opportunities for arresting images and entrancing rhetoric cannot be passed up. The result is "indiscriminate word and image overload on topics that call for so much restraint, hesitation, groping." And the phenomenon becomes so engrossing that it leads as well to a revisionist distortion of the facts: Truffaut's *The Last Metro* and Fassbinder's *Lili Marleen* give the impression that there was almost general opposition to Nazism and collaboration, inside the Third Reich and in France. The murder of the Jews as a central activity of Nazism is also moved to the periphery of dramatic focus.

There is a bit of dazzle in Friedländer's own writing. Friedländer's voice speaks with so much persuasive force in this well-translated volume that one can lose sight of the fact that it remains an essay, not a study based on demonstrated arguments, but a brief, allusive attempt to put forward a thesis. Moreover, Friedländer's assertion that the appeal of Nazism derives from the fusion of kitsch and death, as brilliant as it may be, remains largely unsusceptible to proof. The thesis is embroiled in the problems of the nature of literary and artistic perception, in the difficulties of reconstructing the psychological response of people living in an earlier period. Friedländer attempts to get around this obstacle by positing a correlation between how we—in truth, how he—responds to representations of Nazism in films and novels in our own time, and how the actual followers of Nazism responded in theirs. This is a useful technique but it remains a speculative one.

When Friedländer digresses from the arts, he has some perceptive things to say about the evasions of social science. The economic explanations of the rise of Nazism by Marxist historians are oblivious to the fact that the destruction of the Jews was against the economic self-interest of the Reich. The theory of totalitarianism, the key proposed by liberal social scientists, similarly spirits away the essential relationship of Nazism to anti-Judaism; even in the kind of scholarship you would imagine to be unimpeachable, a documentary account of an extermination presented by a researcher from the Yad Vashem Memorial in Jerusalem, Friedländer finds a detached use of bureaucratic language which effects a neutralization of the horror. Now Friedländer admits, as a practicing historian and political scientist himself, that in dealing with Nazism some form of evasion, given the unspeakable nature of the subject, is inevitable. Aside from exposing the more self-deluding forms of exorcism, all he can propose to men of good will is an interpretive vigilance, a self-awareness that continually inquires into motives and effects.

Friedländer's impasse has something to do with his severing the question of Nazism from the question of the Holocaust. Nazism connotes the world of the victimizers; and the Holocaust, the world of the victims. About the Holocaust there are a number, in fact a growing number, of accomplished works of the literary imagination in several languages. Their artistic achievement depends precisely upon their avoiding the world of the Nazis, with its pull of pornographic fascination, in favor of the inner spiritual world of the victims. The Hebrew writer Aharon Appelfeld, perhaps the most impressive talent now addressing the Holocaust, goes so far as to make the exclusion of the enemy the ground principle of his fictional enterprise. Friedländer knows this literature, and the perceptive criticism of it; and in a brief book there is a usefulness in making separations. Still, in the contrast between the successes of Holocaust literature and the failures of the artistic reflections of Nazism, there is a message to be read. It is a message not only about which story deserves to be told, but which story, in the end, can be told.

ALAN MINTZ

Alan Mintz is director of the Meyerhoff Center for Jewish Studies at the University of Maryland. His *HURBAN: Responses to Catastrophe in Hebrew Literature* has just been published by Columbia University Press.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Labour in Power: 1945-1951 by Kenneth Morgan (Oxford University Press). A comprehensive account of the party's finest hours. (Reviewed 9/17&24/84)

The Haymarket Tragedy by Paul Avrich (Princeton University Press). A vivid and original study of a dramatic episode in American history. (9/17&24/84)

The Letters of Jean Rhys edited by Francis Wyndham and Diana Melly (Viking). The novelist becomes one of her own greatest characters. (9/10/84)

The Engineer of Human Souls by Josef Skvorecky (Knopf). An epic novel of a Czech émigré's life. (8/27/84)

The Illogic of American Nuclear Strategy by Robert Jervis (Cornell University Press). A rigorous analysis of the latest thinking about the bomb. (9/3/84)

Paul Cézanne: The Watercolors, A Catalogue Raisonné by John Rewald (New York Graphic Society Books). A magisterial view of some of the most beautiful images in modern art. (9/10/84)

Edmund Gosse: A Literary Landscape by Ann Thwaite (Chicago University Press). The life of a man of letters in his glittering time. (9/10/84)

River by Ted Hughes (Harper & Row). The return of an important poet. (9/3/84)

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Omigod

AS A COLLEGE SOPHOMORE, I took a course from the great Robert Lee Wolfe in the history of the Byzantine Empire. I flunked the course, but I distinctly remember Professor Wolfe's vivid descriptions of the riots that so often rocked the city of Byzantium. I also remember my astonishment that the cause of these riots was invariably some arcane theological question, such as whether the Holy Ghost is a person or a spirit. Now I come back from a trip abroad to find Byzantium firmly lodged on the banks of the Potomac.

WHAT HAPPENED while I was gone? I was only away for two weeks, but the good old U.S.A. has changed out of all recognition. I left a country almost wholly focused on the Michael Jackson concert tour. I returned to a country in which those few television stations not already given over to faith healers and fundamentalist talk shows now carry little except bulletins about the latest clerical intervention in the election campaign. Pollsters and cigar-smoking party sachems have been ruthlessly elbowed aside by bishops and archbishops, with their extraordinary hats. A few civilians try to get a word in edgewise (Edward Kennedy gave an especially intelligent speech the other day, for example), but usually to no avail. Everywhere one looks, some splendidly dressed clergyman is calling down anathema on some hapless politician for failing to draw the correct conclusions from the doctrine of fetal personhood. Evangelists, more conventionally attired but usually accompanied by simpering Ed McMahon types, declaim upon the Biblical injunction to oppose handgun registration. And in public bars, drinkers nearly come to blows over the nature of prayer. Voodoo economics was bad enough. But voodoo politics?

THE CITY I've just come home from, Rome, is an object lesson in what happens when the clergy gets involved too heavily in politics. Most of the choice locations are occupied by churches, of which there are far too many. There is scarcely a wall on which the name, numeral, and title (Pontius Maximus, usually) of a religious officeholder has not been chiseled. Almost every public square has an Egyptian obelisk, originally stolen and brought to Rome by a pagan emperor. Each obelisk has since been capped by a large bronze cross—a triumphant touch of barbaric splendor, like an aborigine chieftain's silk top hat.

BEFORE ROME, I was in Dallas, where the only cathedrals are consecrated to commerce, and where I chanced to hear President Reagan's acceptance speech. It was surprisingly poor, I thought. Compared to Reagan's own effort of four years ago, it was flat and themeless. Compared to Walter Mondale's crisp "New Realism" address in San Francisco, it was long (just five minutes short of an hour), windy, and meandering. In fact, of all the speeches it might fairly be judged against, it most resembled Jimmy Carter's 1980 acceptance speech—another overlong rambler, as I have reason to remember (I was Carter's chief speechwriter at the time). On the level of low comedy, Carter said, "Hubert Horatio Hornblower. Humphrey." Reagan said, "The biggest annual increase in poverty took place between 1978 and 1981—over 9 percent each year in the first two years of our Administration—er, I left out a period there." On the level of high philosophy, Carter said, "This election is a stark choice between two men, two parties, two sharply different pictures of what America is and what the world is. But it is more than that. It is a choice between two futures." Reagan said, "The choices this year are not just between two different personalities, or between two political parties. They are between two different visions of the future," etc.

THE BIT the Dallas crowd liked best was when Reagan said, "Democratic candidates have suggested that this [the U.S. invasion of Grenada] could be likened to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the crushing of human rights in Poland, or the genocide in Cambodia. . . . Nineteen of our fine young men lost their lives on Grenada. And to even remotely compare their sacrifice to the murderous actions taking place in Afghanistan is unconscionable." What's so artful about this is that its premise is technically true—some Democrats did indeed "suggest" that the invasion of Grenada "could be compared" to Afghanistan, Poland, and Cambodia. What these "Democratic candidates" (Reagan meant Mondale) did *not* "suggest" was that the comparison would be valid. Their—his—argument was different: that the invasion offered a rich propaganda dividend to America's enemies, that some of America's friends were understandably bewildered by what was, after all, a violation of international law, and that therefore the invasion was perhaps unwise. One can disagree with this analysis, but that's not what Reagan did. Instead, he tried to delegitimize dissent on the issue of Grenada by accusing the dissenters of disrespect to American combat dead. This was not very genial of him.

JEANE KIRKPATRICK HAS suffered enough in these pages for her Republican Convention speech (see, for example, this week's TRB column), so I'll go easy. I'd just like to know if anyone else noticed a certain internal contradiction. In the first half of her speech, she listed a series of disasters, including the invasion of Afghanistan, the seizing of Americans as hostages in Iran, and Soviet gains in electronic surveillance, and indignantly blamed these upon the American government. In the second half of her speech, she listed a strikingly similar series of disasters, including new Soviet offensives in Afghanistan, the collapse of arms control negotiations, and the massacre of U.S. Marines in Lebanon, and indignantly charged that those who blame such things upon the American government are insufficiently patriotic. The difference between the two sets of disasters? January 20, 1981.

AT LEAST Mrs. K had the good taste to stay away from God. (I suspect she is a closet pro-choicer. I only wish she were Secretary of H.H.S., not Ambassador to the United Nations.) Please, no more about abortion. Really, it's all enough to make you wish the bishops would stick to subjects I agree with them about, like the nuclear freeze.

H.H.

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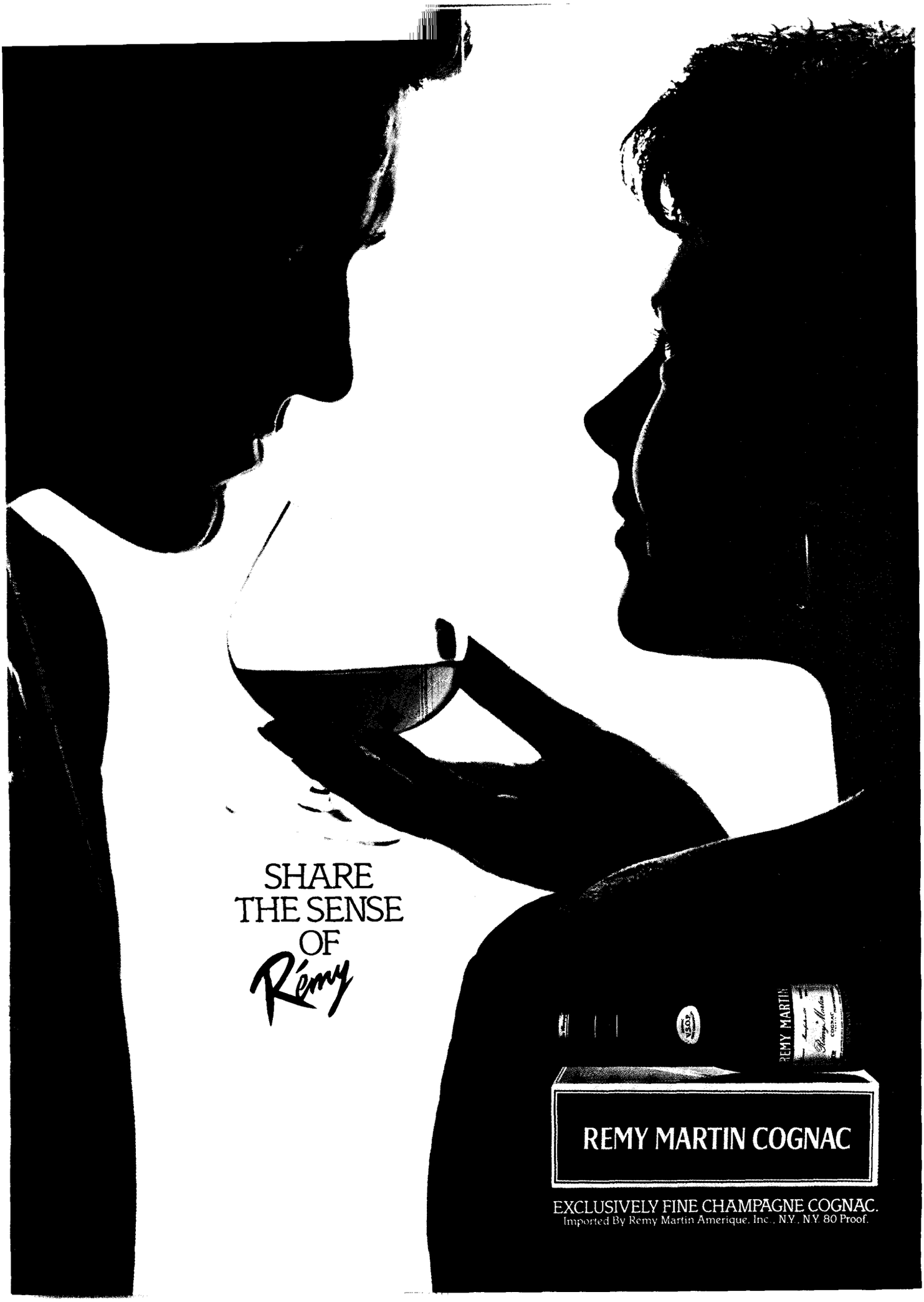

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